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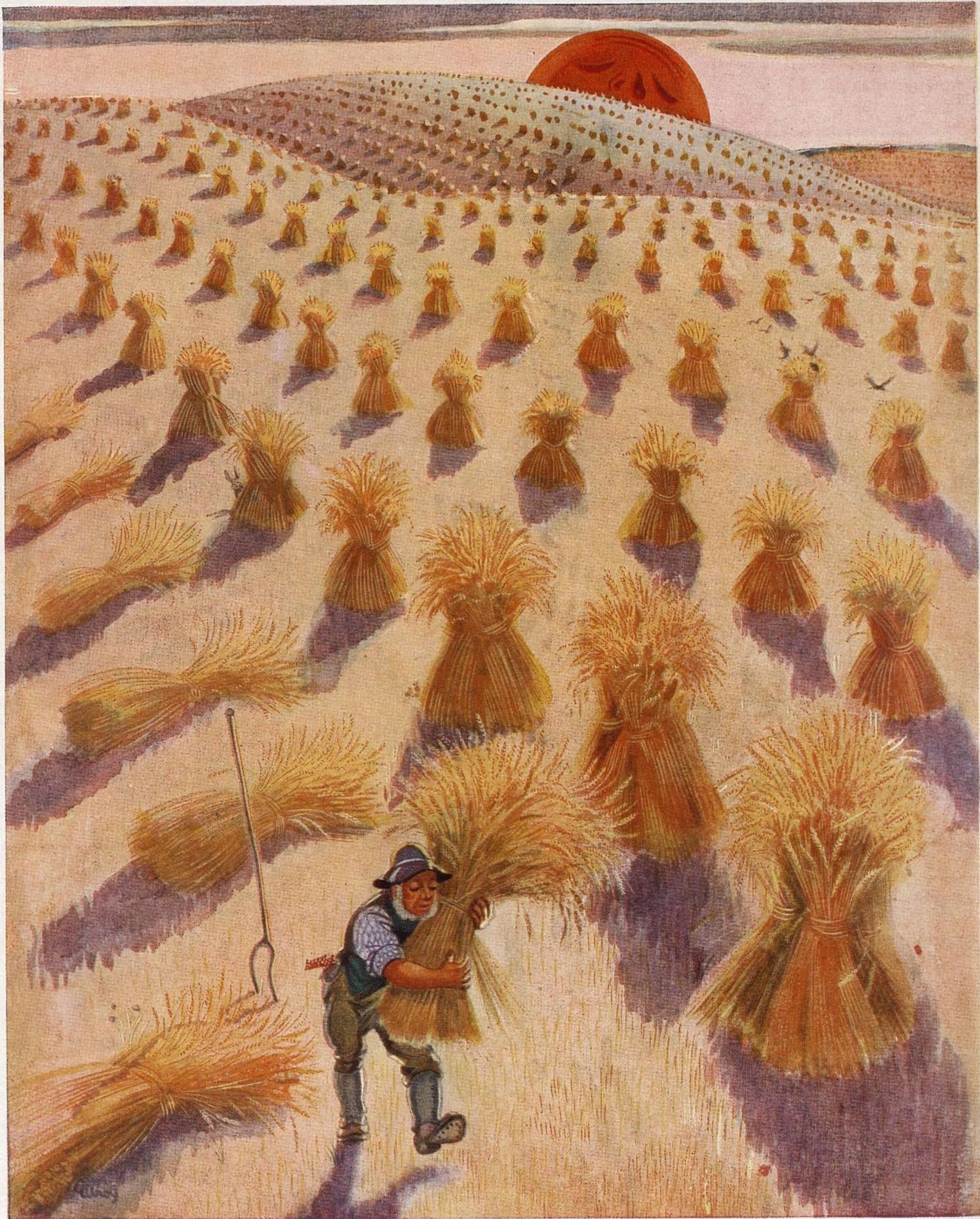
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THE TATLER

LONDON

JULY 31, 1946

and BYSTANDER

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Phyfe, New York

Coming to England: Mrs. Averell Harriman

Mrs. Harriman, the lovely wife of Mr. Averell Harriman who was recently appointed American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, is a daughter of the late Sheridan Norton and Mrs. Norton of New York, and married Mr. Harriman as his second wife in 1930. The new Ambassador is well known in America for the great interest she takes in art, and has been personally responsible for "bringing out" many young American and European painters. Mrs. Harriman also founded a collection of pictures of her own called the "Marie Norton Galleries." During the war she was Treasurer of the "Ships Service Activity" committee and also had two little English evacuees, Betty and Ninky Brierley, to live with her from 1940 to 1945. Mr. Harriman, who is most popular and respected in this country for his charm and ability, is visiting America next month and is bringing his wife back with him to their delightful Embassy residence in Princes' Gate, where she will join the list of outstanding diplomatic hostesses and will certainly do much to strengthen the bonds of Anglo-American friendship



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH'S

PORTRAITS IN

BEWILDERED and exhausted by the turmoil of my new home; by a fine cloud of dust over all, as the gruesome fireplaces are whipped out; by Nanny disappointments and telephone frustrations; by the impossibility of finding electric plugs of the proper size, and the complications of a form to be filled in so that I may get timber to repair a pigsty; and most of all by an entire lack of servants; sour and arid I called upon my indolent, talented Persian princess Neuf-neuf to write in my place this week.

She flicked her tail, graciously interrupted her dream of calves' liver for evening meal, and with a soft purr began to write on the horrors of the next war. No doubt she was inspired by a recent article in a famous American magazine, with the somewhat startling title, "How to Drop an Atom Bomb." At any rate, plunging with all four paws straight into the question of rockets with atomic warheads, Neuf-neuf wrote: "Mice, whom we generally regard as possessing none but a gastronomic interest, have nevertheless proved themselves the intellectual superiors of men by realizing many millennia before them the ultimate necessity for living in a hole."

Thereafter, the Princess gave vent to opinions so controversial and unflattering to the human race as to be quite unsuitable to the non-political and genial pages of the TATLER. I am therefore compelled to do my own work. . . .

Cobbett

LISTENING the other evening to a broadcast on William Cobbett, that might well have been much more tiresome, I could not help reflecting how right was that crusty, lovable creature in his loathing of London. "The Wen," as he called it—the original prototype of Megalopolis, symbol and curse of our dying civilization. Cities like London or New York utterly defeat the purposes for which towns first came into being—as places of safety in war, as marts for goods and ideas, as centres where you could be sure of seeing your friends.

Nowadays, great cities are strategic liabilities which we seek to evacuate at the very threat of war—indeed the concentration of so large a proportion of our population and industry round London and four or five other great cities probably means that we could not last a month in an atomic war. So congested are the streets of Megalopolis, that it is much more laborious a business to send goods from its southern to its northern side than from one market town to another, while the intolerable noise precludes the play of ideas. In Megalopolis, you must use as substitute for thought the didactic and outmoded nightmares of Salvador Dali, or the equally didactic and fashionable despair of Jean-Paul Sartre.

As for seeing one's friends in Megalopolis, no sane man would attempt the task any longer. The evening is the proper time for seeing friends,

and unless you are ready to suffer the dreary extortions of a "private hire" service, how are you to get to your friends, or they to you?

"Rustick—Ruder than Gothick"

No. If you are gregarious, as I am, then live in the country. Save up petrol coupons, choose a fine evening, and motor even fifteen miles to visit friends of whom you are really fond. There, as I, for instance, found last evening, your gaiety will be all the more airy for being disturbed by no noise but its own, or the distant echo of the cook's wireless.

Through the drawing-room windows, as the light fades you will see the flowers take on a dreamlike Technicolor brilliance, till at last the white roses shine like searchlights through the lingering summer's radiance. Somebody has brought a new rumba back from Paris. The Zoffany has been cleaned so well it will never be the same again. There is a wild story of how the Duchess of X, always a generation behind in her bad taste, is pickling even the bathrooms and lavatories of Proxy Hall. . . . Then the goodbyes clear above the noise of the gravel, and all the scents of the sleepy countryside floating in through your car window—hay and clover and lime-trees and laburnum.

What does it matter if, when you get home, you find the kitchen floor awash from a leaking boiler?

Louise de Vilmorin

I AM saddened to hear of Louise de Vilmorin's illness. It is a very rare thing to find in one person beauty, intelligence, and charm combined in so high degree as here. But added to these qualities Louise de Vilmorin possesses a turn of wit and fantasy almost unique under the sun—as proclaim her novels *Sainte Une Fois*, *La Fin des Villavides* (about the childless duke who made an armchair his heir) and her enchanting poems, some of which Francis Poulenc has set to music.

Louise de Vilmorin is coming to England shortly for treatment. Since she is to pass a part at least of her convalescence staying with some great friends and not too remote neighbours of mine in Wiltshire, I hope I shall have some opportunity of seeing her again. During the war the lack of certain of one's French friends, I found, was a deprivation against which no remedy was to be devised. And most surely there is no substitute for Louise de Vilmorin.

Brighton

I AM almost entirely preoccupied at the moment with the Regency Festival at Brighton, which will, I suppose, be in full swing by the time these lines appear. The task I have undertaken in this connection remains unfinished, my promises unfulfilled. Guilt alternates in my muddled head with fear lest I will never be able to complete in time the little *divertissement* which is supposed to take place in the middle of the ball, with Robert Morley

as "Prinny" and John Sutro in the part of Neptune, making a royal visit to the Pavilion, one monarch to another.

However, very little, thank God, depends on me. Mine, as yet almost unborn, is only one of several *divertissements*. Miss Beatrice Lillie will perform, I understand, her immortal if slightly unconventional characterization of Madam Recamier; and Mr. Ivor Novello will recite extracts from Byron's apostrophic ode, *The Waltz*. Byron and the waltz came into fashion more or less the same year, 1812, of course. The new dance had long been known in France, whence it was carried from Vienna just before the Revolution.

We are apt to forget, I think, that the waltz was almost the first ballroom dance where the man took his partner into his arms, for in the minute liberty could only be taken with the finger-tips. The erotic effect of the waltz upon the Paris of Marie Antoinette's and Madame Tallien's day has been wonderfully described by the Goncourt in, I think, *La Femme au XVIII^e Siècle*. How much stronger must this effect have worked on England, when the French prisoners introduced the new-fangled measure into the bare-bosomed world of the Regency! Byron, as much a parvenu in English society as the waltz, turns on it in his poem, and in one of the most witty satirical passages he ever wrote he paints a picture of the obscurities in noble family trees which the waltz will provoke for the future, not to speak of present trouble for trusting husbands.

The poem has long been a passion of mine. It is the kind of squib in which Byron excelled, rising to heights almost as great if not greater than Pope's. Indeed, while Byron could never have achieved the sustained beauty of "The Rape of the Lock," I doubt whether Pope could quite have brought off the impudent brilliance, the nervous wit and high spirits of this piece. It is far from the work of a man wracked with pain and accustomed to sublimate his love. It is the versification of the dashing young man who laughs his way through the crowd, staring the husbands full in the eye, and feeling an automatic flutter every time a pretty woman glances his way. I look forward to hearing Mr. Novello declaim it as it should be declaimed.

The Other Brighton

WE think of Brighton as the Pavilion, as Nash terraces, as the very temple of the Regency. A few years ago, politics led me to discover another Brighton—or shall I say another town adjacent, Hove, which is in the same Parliamentary division, and the stronghold of all that is most worthy in the life of the twin towns?

The good people of Hove, I found, still smarted under the slur of the Regency. For them the Pavilion was Babylonish, Brighton itself the evocation of past bad behaviour. In the middle

PRINT

of the war they still inhabited their vast red houses, cast in an architecture which our own Cadogan Square has made immortal; and they preserved one of the most delicate social scales I have ever encountered.

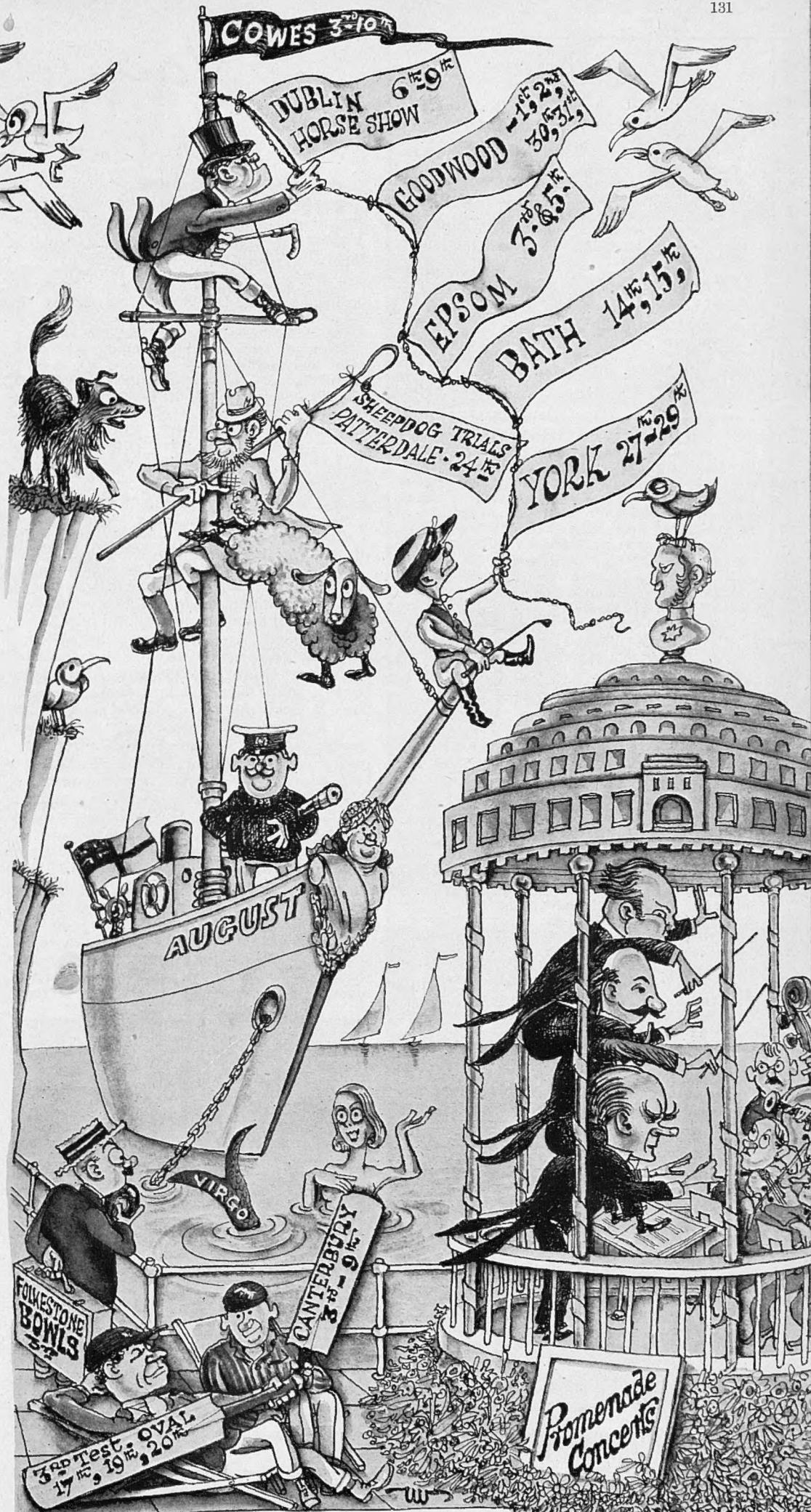
The elaborate social hierarchy of the Dutch is wonderful enough, where there are at least fourteen different ways of addressing a letter to a lady. As the English in Asia have invented refinements of this sort of which I still stand in awe. (Never, for instance, will I forget the fuss when someone asked the Ministry of Works clerk to lunch with the controller's wife.) But the gradations of grandeur in love were even more subtle. They depended upon the number of rooms in your late Victorian house. The fifteen-roomers were gracious, but no more so to the eleven-roomers. The eleven-roomers finally "cut" those who dwelt in less than nine rooms. Here is the true cement of society. Once you get people believing in the chimera of society, society becomes a jelly, flopping this way and that.

Queues and the Totalitarian Spirit

I have again and again reverted in these columns to the miserable and disquieting tendency of the English to "queue up" at the slightest provocation. The climax came for me two days ago when outside a "Swiss Cafe" in a country town I saw a notice "Queue Up From Here Four Deep." Powers, grocers, policemen, all have deplored to me this exasperating habit that is growing steadily upon us, and hides, I believe, implications of the most serious sort. Indeed, I rather agree with the wretched Edda Ciano, when she says that nobody has won the war yet.

Having officially defeated the most obviously obnoxious brand of totalitarianism, we are rapidly becoming ourselves totalitarian in mentality. We are preparing ourselves psychologically, I hold, to go Communist or Fascist, it matters little which. A free society demands free will of its members, and that quality we are throwing over the windmill as fast as we can. The trouble is, to be free means in a certain degree to be lonely; and lost in the desert of the city modern man rushes into the frustrated comradeship of the queue. And from the queue to the stormtroopers' parade is but a short step. . . .

It is not only in England that people are getting bored with the idea of being themselves. Think of America, with the dictatorship of the Family Next Door, the fear of not being taken for an Average American. I was particularly struck by a trumpery story I read recently in an American magazine. A girl is about to graduate from a mid-Western university. Her grandmother, who adores the child's looks, brings her for the occasion an exquisite white dress from New York. The little beast refuses to wear it. She wants, she says, to look just like the other girls. And this behaviour is held up for our admiration!



August Activities by WYSARD

First Night Column

THE ancient glories return. It has begun to rain, but it is to be a Cochran First Night, an Event, cost what it may. It costs much in these days in organization—nearly as much organizing as a week's holiday.

Rang three Strand hotels, knowing it would rain, that it would be impossible to get a taxi, difficult to park a battered family car. Better live on the job, so to speak, for one night. But that idea is out: the telephone operators say, "When are you booking for? Tomorrow? Oh no Sir, it's no good you going through to reception desk."

Borrowed flat off *New Statesman* editor Kingsley Martin, in Buckingham Street, for changing. Drove in drizzle underneath the arches (reminder of Malta's war-time underground streets), and out to back entrance of Savoy to park bags, car and meet more or less breathless first-nighters using same stepping-stone to the Adelphi Theatre.

ENTERED the theatre at last in a graceless jostle. By devious passages reached a small, remote chamber to proffer good wishes to APH. There, suddenly honoured by introduction to Lord Montgomery, whose medal ribbons at first dazzled, but whose most dazzling quality, close to, is the straight, rather overwhelmingly assessive look he gives you as he takes your hand.

At the interval, Morrison complimentary about the show, Sir Arthur and Lady Salter anxiously seeking a text of the play to take to America on the morrow, and APH with a scribbled pencil note from C. B. Cochran, final confirmation that he is not to be present.

The pencilled note had asked APH to make a curtain speech thanking everyone. In spite of much worry about a sick C. B. Cochran, and the traditional anxieties of a first-night author, the whole evocation emerged gracefully enough. There was a pause while producer Wendy Toye was hunted out on to the stage; then stage, back stage and front stage were duly acknowledged, the Royalty retired by the side door and the aftermath was on.

It rained, of course.

DISTINGUISHED and near-distinguished, celebrities and near-notoriety shewed gently toward the exits. A crowd, distinguished for its patience, and autograph hunters, celebrated (like Monty) for their swift and sure decisions, closed in purposefully around the foyers. The critics had fled to file their copy; the cameramen had ensured the morrow's pictures. The autograph hunters in that heaving, trampling mass of first-night finery had their own belated field-day.

A gentleman called Mills (somebody said his first name was Frederick) and a lady whom, in my youth, I knew as Queen Victoria, and who was now described as Miss A. Neagle, formed two pools of ardent and relentless fans. Edging by a pool, right against the wall of the foyer, I was jostled by an urgent, pleading official voice says "Please, please, Sir, make way . . ."

Way could only be made by a list to port. This uncomfortable operation just enabled one to glimpse, jammed between the starboard beam and the autograph fans, a short hurried procession, starring Attlee, Bevin, and Bevan heading for the wet Strand.

Murmuring "sic transit," emerged in the turmoil of the traffic-dislocated, crowd-hemmed, mud-floored Strand, myself ingloriously but decorously uplifting consort's long draperies.

So, through the rain, by battered car to the APH riverside home at Hammersmith. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, anxious, eager with bad news in the hall, "Burglars. The police have been."

THERE were first-night tickets for the Browns and an empty house for the burglars. Muddy footprints in the bedrooms, rifled drawers. Last words of APH before leaving the Adelphi confirmed to have been: "There'll sure to be burglars."

And so to bed in rooms where "you mustn't touch anything till the police come in the morning," too tired to care, but with the final APH crack "Here I am writing 'I Want to See the People Happy,' and look how these mean so-and-so's behave!"

C. S.

James Agate

AT

Three Films

SOME time in the nineties the late A. B. Walkley wrote something about dramatic criticism which I think applies with equal force to film criticism:

The enumeration of positive judgments, of absolute truths, I hold to be no part of my business. To have as many impressions as fortune willed—if irreconcilable, no matter—about the same work; to find the arguments for and against equally good; to be, in fine, multilateral, "ondoyant et divers"; these seemed to me the true objects of that "art of enjoying masterpieces," which is one sort of criticism. There are more imposing sorts, I know, the practitioners of which figure as the depositaries of eternal verities, as examiners distributing or refusing "testamurs," as official guardians of the public taste. One cannot, however, choose one's own temperament or one's own theory of criticism.

I AM to write this week notices of three films about which I find it impossible to lay down the law. One can say without fear of contradiction that *Hamlet* is a great play, that *Paradise Lost* is a great poem, that *Vanity Fair* is a great novel. One could go further and say that anybody who contradicted one would be an idiot. On second thoughts I withdraw what I said about my three films. I believe that I hold the only possible view as to the first two of these, and that, with regard to these two, whoever disagrees with me is an ass. Let me begin with *To Each His Own* (Plaza). I am sorry to be rude about this picture because the Plaza is almost my favourite cinema. The unending courtesy of the management, the comfort of the upholstery, the feel of the rich pile carpet which I suspect is laid on the top of some pneumatic device, the fact that on leaving I can be in my favourite grill room within five minutes—all these things combine to give the Plaza extraordinary charm. On the other hand as a critic I am incorruptible, probably meaning that nobody has ever tried hard enough to corrupt me.



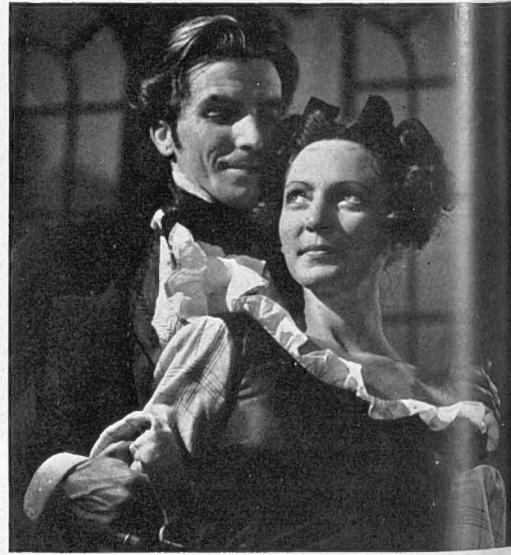
Solange (Rene Ray): "You would not say to mother that you love me and ask her not to allow me to marry Clesinger, would you?"

Chopin (Donald Eccles): "No, certainly not."

George Sand's spoilt and uncouth daughter tries to tell Chopin that she loves him.

THE picture now running at the Plaza achieves the double feat of scaling the heights of idiocy and plumbing the depths of dullness. I admit that I went to this picture in two minds. Lejeune had warned me that I should find it "a tear-drenched inanity about an unmarried mother of the last war, who finds her long-lost son in this one, just in time to attend his wedding in the private chapel of a London restaurant." Indeed this picture so upset Lejeune that she discovered an actress unknown to me, one *Olivier de Havilland*. Whereas my Dilys had babbled of Miss de Havilland's resemblance to the early Lillian Gish. As Hamlet remarked, "Well, well, we know," and "There be, an if they might." But I doubt whether Lillian, who has always had her head screwed on the right way, would ever have dreamed of appearing in a story of such bathos.

A YOUNG girl in a small American town becomes pregnant, but so nicely that nobody notices until the day comes for her to go into the maternity hospital, which she does under the pretence of visiting a friend in New York. Having acquired the baby she now wants it for keeps, to achieve which she arranges for it to be left on the doorstep of some poor people in her little town from whom she can beg it. But round about this time a married friend of hers loses her lawful, newborn infant, and the local judge decides that the foundling shall be allotted to the married woman. Whereupon there is a lot of kidnapping and counter-kidnapping in the emotional if not the physical sense. Yes, reader, I confess that after what seemed like eight hours of this I did not wait for the wedding in the restaurant. The film began with this new actress, *Olivier de Havilland*, rescuing Roland Culver who had fallen off a London roof during the blitz. I feel that there ought to be a joke here about a Roland for an Olivier, but I just can't be bothered. To each his own, by all means; I want no part of this one.



The Family Troubles of Chopin and

Maurice (Laurence Payne): "If I stay, will you be kind to me?"

The novelist's ne'er-do-well son makes love to Madeleine (Jean Short) the avaricious little servant girl who is also Chopin's mistress.

THE PICTURES

ONE of my favourite theatrical stories is about Lady Tree and how, at some charity matinée, looking like an elderly horse and swathed from head to foot in mauve tulle, she advanced to the footlights, put her hand on the back of a gold, period chair, shot a coy glance at the audience, and said, "I want you charming people to imagine that I am a plumber's mate!"

I confess that my heart sank when *Cluny Brown* (Odeon) opened with Jennifer Jones sitting on the floor doing a bit of plumbing. For a few minutes uncertainty reigned and then Jennifer was packed off to be parlour-maid in a large house. Apparently she travelled first-class, since in the carriage with her was Aubrey Smith and a dog, and the trio became great friends. The house Jennifer was going to belong to a friend of Aubrey's, Jennifer presently found herself mistaken for a guest. And then the fun started. For the English country house turned out to be not realistic at all but a pure Lubitsch creation. In other words, from the moment when Jennifer put on her cap and apron the theatre rocked with fun. Never have the English been satirized more gently and more devastatingly. And oddly enough there was now and again a touch of Dickens. Jennifer falls in love with Wilson, the village chemist—this is a marvellous impersonation by Richard Haydn, hitherto known to me as an imitator of fish.

Now Wilson has a mother who is a combination of Mrs. Gummidge and Mr. F's Aunt, and as much alive as both characters put together. This is a remarkable feat on the part of Una O'Connor in view of the fact that throughout the entire film she does not speak one word, the only means of expression allowed to her being a cough. But what a cough! When she is not coughing she is thinking, and always her thoughts are interpreted by her deplorable son, who permits himself one comment on his mother's behaviour and one only: "Mother doesn't waste words."

NOR shall I waste words on this film, except to call attention to a very remarkable cast which includes Charles Boyer as a Czechoslovakian refugee. ("The nation requires more Belinskis!" says the young highbrow who masquerades as hero to his mother. And her ladyship, who is obviously thinking in terms of parsnips, replies, "If the country requires more Belinskis it will produce them.") Lovely performances by Reginald Owen, Ernest Cossart, Billy Bevan, Sara Allgood and lots and lots of people. As I write there are still one or two days before this film opens. I can hardly wait. Let me insist that here is a piece of pure wit. Even so, there is nothing better in it than the remark addressed to me as I was coming out by a critic with whom the picture had obviously failed—"Bit of a travesty, what?" And one of us went out into Leicester Square shaking his long ears. And it was only in the Square that I realized that there had not been a single note of music throughout the entire film, which had stood up by virtue of its wit and fancy alone! Compare the recent Coward film which was 25 per cent Coward and 75 per cent Rachmaninoff. *Cluny Brown* is 100 per cent Lubitsch.

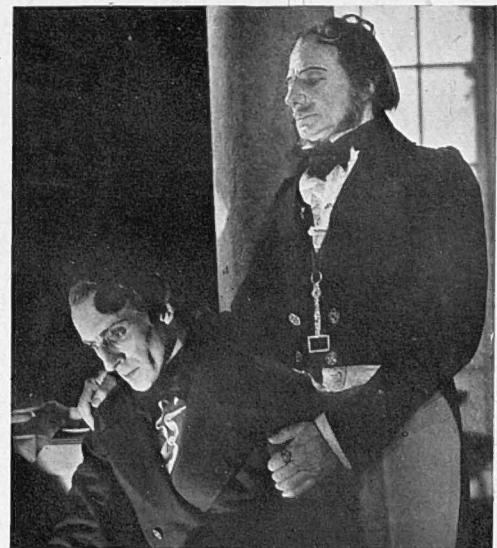
I GIVE readers of the *Tatler* entire leave to think what they like about *Three Wise Fools* (Empire). Ninety minutes of Margaret O'Brien believing in fairies till the tears run down her cheeks. Ninety minutes of Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Edward Arnold disbelieving in fairies till the tears run down your cheeks. Ninety minutes of Thomas Mitchell pretending to believe in fairies till the tears run down Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's cheeks. Never in the history of the screen has so much Peter-Pannery been let loose. Therefore, readers, I give you free leave to love this picture or loathe it. Wild horses wouldn't drag me to see it again. But if they did I should drag them in too. For, mark you, being wild horses they would be undocked. And what is a horse's tail for except to wipe its eyes?



K. and J. Cole

Jeanne Ravel and Ronnie Boyer

After five years' absence the dancing of these stage and cabaret favourites will shortly be seen again. Ronnie Boyer was a naval officer during the war. His partner, who is the sister of H. C. A. Gaunt, Headmaster of Malvern, is also an expert skier, figure skater and racing driver



Angus McBean

George Sand in "Summer at Nohant"

George Sand: "Solange, you are not worthy to stay at Nohant any longer. You are to leave my house, with Clesinger, at once."

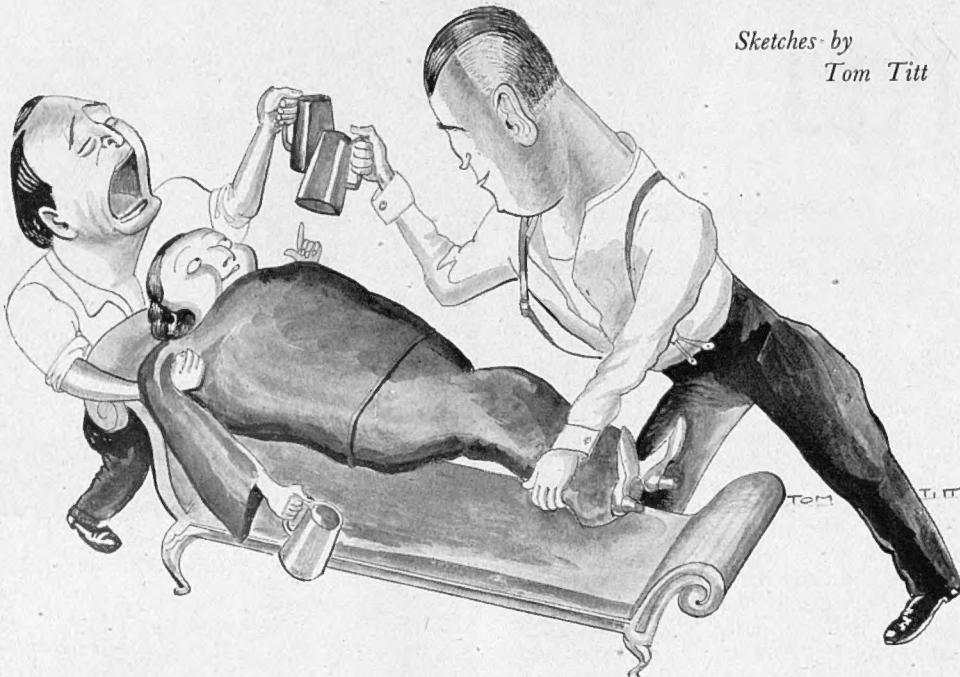
Solange is banished for becoming engaged to one of her mother's former lovers

Wodzinski (Lawrence Hanray): "Never mind. In a hundred or a hundred and fifty years Warsaw will be a beautiful city. Beautiful and free."

Chopin: "What are you talking about? I don't believe in anything now. . . . Poor unhappy country. . . . Poor unfortunate people all."



Sketches by
Tom Titt



Trefor Jones and David Davies revive Joan Young with a drop of "Nelson's Blood" after having spirited her away from the House of Commons



Eric Palmer as the Hon. George Home, M.P., and Carole Lynne as Grace Green. They differ politically, but not emotionally

The Theatre

IT is easier to describe than to define what we gratefully recognize as "a Cochran show." All the stir and splendour proper to musical comedy, the sophisticated modishness of revue, some wit in the matter, touches of operatic grace in the music, chic in the dresses, finesse in the control of stage movement, upon these things the descriptive pen may dwell with loving particularity and yet leave the reader wondering where Mr. Cochran comes in.

The answer, I take to be, that these not uncommon ingredients of musical revelry are something different when blended by an artist-showman. Mr. Cochran is as lavish as

means allow. His shows must also please his own pleasure-loving eye. They are not merely bids for full houses, they are the gifts of an enthusiast. But—and this is the point—lavish showmanship is guided by superb taste and the instinct for quality which enables him to utilize the most diverse talents. However talented his team, their work gains immeasurably by his guidance, and it is the extra half-ounce of energy thus compelled from a carefully selected group of artists that makes what we call a Cochran show which, on its opening night, inevitably disrupts traffic outside the theatre.

THIS is the 125th of the series, and I will not pretend that it is anything like as good as half a dozen of its illustrious fore-runners. That it has wit goes without saying, for the libretto, with its modern political fable, is by Sir Alan Herbert, but it is the wit of an accomplished writer of light verse.

Its lines have rarely the theatrical quality that makes a Coward lyric better—or, at any rate, as good—to hear as to read. Too often we get the impression that the music has slurred the point of the joke, and that, it may be suspected, is not the fault of the composer. Mr. Vivian Ellis's score is consistently pleasant, and when a good song comes along he makes things easy for the singers. More often than not this song is not humorous at all. It is robustly sentimental, like that full-throated affair sung by the King's Barge-master and eight jolly watermen:—

London Town is built on London River,
And London River flows sixty miles to sea,
All the flags of all the world go by me,
And all the flags are friendly flags to me.

"WHEELS of the World, Roll on to Glory!", "Love me Not, but Like me Well," "I Want to See the People Happy," these and such-like abound, for they are used in musical battles at the hustings and on the



Gabrielle Brune sings "The Poodle and the Pug," silently assisted by Donald Reed as an agile page

"Big Ben" (Adelphi)

floor of the House of Commons, but for humour there is little beside "There's a lot to be Said for the Lords," and that an unknd critic might describe as Gilbert and wa er.

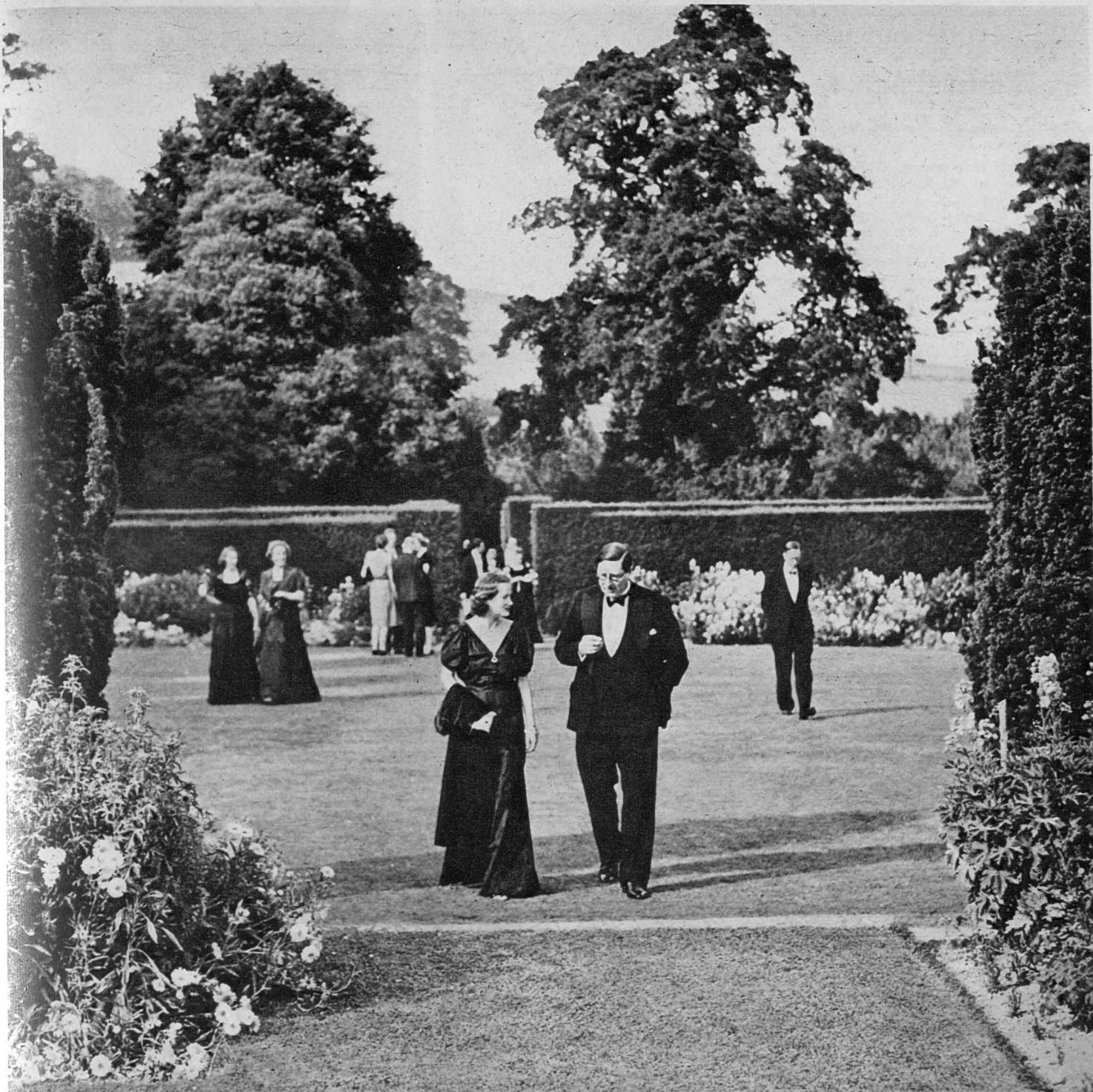
The Commons perhaps are superior chaps, And richly deserve their rewards, But you don't pay a peer a thousand a year— There's a lot to be said for the Lords—the Lords!

Yet the whole piece, the good and the not so good, bears the impress of a single agreeable personality. It wishes we knew more about Thames water and it is fearful lest killjoys shall dock us of our beer. To the present dire shortage it pays no heed.

The piece begins with the hurly-burly of Reds, Blues, and Pinks, the author preserving his status as an Independent by painting his heroine Red and his hero Blue. He duly complicates the impending election at which they are candidates by allowing hero and heroine to be snooped upon by Mrs. Busy, the alderman, while they are loye-making in the park. Mrs. Ormiston Chant is a long time dead and the park railings are down today, but A.P.H. evidently holds that these old ghosts will not lie down unless they are severely and regularly jumped upon.

FROM the dilemma of seeming to go either Red or Blue, he characteristically escapes by raising the issue of Prohibition, and against this most un-British threat hero and heroine can happily and respectably form a united front. The great Prohibition debate in the Chamber itself is put across effectively by some very clever versifying reinforced by stagecraft and music no less adroit. Mr. Trefor Jones, Mr. David Davies, Mr. Eric Fort and Miss Joan Young bear the brunt of the singing with verve. Miss Carole Lynne has too small a voice for such company, but she is a sympathetic heroine, and Miss Gabrielle Brune makes a great deal out of indifferent material.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Members of the Audience Enjoying a Stroll in the Famous Gardens

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL AGAIN

Less than a year ago three men in a boat in the West of England discussed the arts. It was an idle moment, but a veritable turmoil of energy arose out of their discussions.

The energy has taken form and pattern as the turbulent little masterpiece of opera, *The Rape of Lucretia*: the men in the boat were Benjamin Britten, composer, John Piper, designer, and Eric Crozier, producer. It is characteristic of this work, which has just been played at Glyndebourne, that from the start it was co-operative, that it was conceived and made in less than a year, that it is stridently explosive in its energy and youth.

The first-night audience, in that shrine dedicated to the glories of dead perfections, received a shock to the senses which they bore with the same unruffled aplomb with which they and their evening clothes stood up to the long journey to Glyndebourne through the balm and stickiness of the summer evening. Mr. John Christie, proprietor of Glyndebourne and chief priest in the Mozart-worship of his own temple, made a graceful curtain speech, adding the name of Britten to the select few who have been honoured there. The audience went out, a little stunned in all their finery, for a last glimpse of the magnificence of the Glyndebourne gardens

A new opera by Benjamin Britten—and partners—has been produced at Mr. John Christie's lovely house on the Sussex Downs

and of the evening splendour of the downs. So a most significant event began and ended.

For British art, this affair is significant. In a matter of eleven months an opera has been created. Composer, librettist and producer (all thirtyish) have collaborated with one of the most distinguished living artists (a little older than they) and, by skill and inspiration shared and stimulated, they have brought back to life a medium which has seemed these many years obsolescent, if not archaic. The sharing and the co-operation should be stressed. The idea began

(Continued overleaf)

Glyndebourne Festival Again

(Continued from previous page)

in a boat, and its working out has never been solely the work of any one of them. They have attained the habit of working together, each contributing a special talent: and, without the noisy manifestoes of a conscious Group, they embody one of the most potent partnerships which English art has seen these many years. Britten's *Peter Grimes* has already been acclaimed with surprise and enthusiasm throughout liberated Europe and in America. *The Rape of Lucretia*, after a season of two-and-a-half weeks at Glyndebourne, is to tour Britain, run in London at Sadler's Wells, go to Amsterdam, The Hague and Paris. What a hopeful sign is this for a brand-new work of art, created in this country by men in their prime!

I understand that the work was offered as an entity to Mr. Christie and his friends at a time when it had been decided that a classical festival was beyond the capacity of Glyndebourne this year. The Opera House nestling beneath the downns has been a children's home during the war, and the gardens which that distinguished gardener, Fred Harvey (who is credited in the programme), superintends, have been growing more food. A full-dress classical festival—and Glyndebourne will not contemplate anything which is not the best—would have over-taxed the organisation of the place, and an assembly of foreign singers and a large orchestra would have been out of the question. This modern two-act work, compact in character, economic in production, requiring a miniature orchestra and a cast of eight, was a practical substitute: and it is hoped that it will set a precedent for a season of contemporary work at Glyndebourne every year in addition to the classical festival.

THE all-too-familiar modern qualities of compactness, economy, sparseness exist in *The Rape of Lucretia*, but, nevertheless, a sense of extraordinary richness is produced, a wealth of harsh barbaric quality framed in an embroidery of historic and Christian commentary sung by the Male and Female chorus (a single singer in each).

The chorus device in this production is unusual in several ways. Sung brilliantly on the first night by Joan Cross and Peter Pears, they reside in slightly Georgian boxes at either side of the proscenium, but from time to time they stray into the action on the stage, taking part in some of the ensembles. Nevertheless, they preserve throughout their timeless, objective, commentators' approach to the classical scene.

Alternate casts played on alternate nights at Glyndebourne, so perhaps it would be invidious to single out individual performances in a brilliant whole. From the stalls much of Ronald Duncan's libretto was inaudible, being drowned by the strident magnetism of the music. Passages, on the other hand, which could be heard well were sometimes too banal for the high level of imaginative tension exercised by the score and the setting. In John Piper's wonderful setting for Scene II. of Act II., where pale yellow sunlight floods the cyclorama, the words about it being "a lovely day" reiterated by the singers were agonising pin-pricks of banality.

Britten's work, I find, always demands more than one hearing, and those who were fortunate enough to have a first taste of his new opera in the renewed glories of the Glyndebourne setting, will look forward to more when it comes to London and the provinces—and when, no doubt, the slight confusions of Act II. will have been attended to.

John Pudney



Benjamin Britten, composer of "The Rape of Lucretia," and Mme. George Auric



Ronald Duncan, who wrote the libretto for the opera, Mrs. Welford, Mrs. Duncan, and Miss Britten, sister of the composer



Mr. and Mrs. E. Spier



Mrs. Bromley-Martin with Miss Judith (left) and Miss Jenny Bromley-Martin, and Lt.-Cdr. David Bromley-Martin



Among those walking in the gardens after supper were the writer of the accompanying article, Mr. John Pudney, and his wife

ALEXANDRE KALIOUJNY IN "SCHEHERAZADE"

The leading role of the Slave in the new Monte Carlo Ballet's "Scheherazade" is played by a twenty-three-year-old dancer who has come to the front through speed, vitality and an unusual comprehension of his various roles. At the opening night of the Ballet in London Alexandre Kalioujny's performance as the Polovtian chief in "Prince Igor" stamped him as an outstanding dancer, and his performance in "Scheherazade" and other ballets has fully confirmed this judgment. He started training with the famous Preobrazenska at the age of fifteen, and four years later went to Zwereff, after which he joined his present company. The pictures convey the extraordinarily athletic and expressive nature of his dancing

Photographs by Gordon Anthony





Lord Luke's Brother Married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Lord Luke, Mrs. Warren Pearl, the bride's mother, Lady Luke and the bride's father, Col. Frederic Warren Pearl

The Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnston of Castle Farm, Odell, Bedfordshire, younger son of the late Lord and Lady Luke, with his bride, Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Frederic Warren Pearl, of 20, Loundes Square, S.W.1

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

RARELY indeed in these unceremonious days does it fall to the lot of a subject to entertain the King and Queen within his home: which made the honour paid by Their Majesties to the Earl of Stamford all the greater when they lunched with him at Dunham Massey Hall on their recent visit to Cheshire.

Lord Stamford's mother, the widow of the ninth Earl, and his sister, Lady Jane Grey, were hostesses with him, and after luncheon gave the Royal guests an outline of the history of the ancient residence, and showed them some of the historical relics collected in the Hall. The Earl is a direct descendant of one Hamon de Massey, Lord of Dunham around the end of the thirteenth century, who in 1290 gave a charter to the town of Altringham, which the King and Queen had visited just before lunch.

THE ROYAL PARTY

WITH the King and Queen on this tour were Viscountess Hambleden, Captain Sir Harold Campbell, R.N., and Major Michael Adeane, grandson of the late Lord Stamfordham, who, as Assistant Private Secretary to His Majesty, had made all arrangements for the tour, and for the visit to North Wales which followed.

Another pleasant feature of this Royal visit was the appearance, on the second day, of the High Sheriff of Caernarvonshire, Mr. George Brymer, in the black knee-breeches and silk stockings that are the proper wear for holders of this traditional office under the Crown. He remained in attendance, together with the Lord-Lieutenant, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Wynne-Finch, throughout the day. Another well-known figure with the Royal party was Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks, who commanded the famous Thirty Corps in the Italian and Normandy campaigns, and who is now G.O.C.-in-C., Western Command.

ANGLO-AMERICAN WEDDING

TWO of the most generous families one could imagine were united by the marriage of the Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnston to Miss Audrey

Warren Pearl. The bridegroom is the son of the late Lord and Lady Luke, who both did so much to help the hospitals and many other good causes; while the bride's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Warren Pearl, are renowned for their generosity. It is not surprising that both families have a very large number of friends, and I have never seen St. Margaret's, Westminster, so crowded. All seats were filled some time before the bride arrived, and many guests were standing down the side aisles and at the back of the church, which was beautifully decorated with huge vases of white flowers with touches of blue. It was a charming idea to have a lovely American national hymn, the descendant of which was written by the organist of St. Margaret's, sung during the service.

Miss Warren Pearl made a very attractive bride in a beautiful wedding-dress of white duchess satin which belonged to her mother, and a magnificent lace veil which belonged to her grandmother. She was attended by the bridegroom's three little nieces, Caroline Lawson-Johnston, Laura McCorquodale and Margaret Pitman, in long pale-blue chiffon dresses with tucked bodices and sunray-pleated skirts, and two older girls, her sister Susan and the bridegroom's sister, Pearl, who wore draped dresses of blue jersey silk. They all wore head-dresses of mixed flowers and carried bouquets of the same mixture.

Over a thousand guests went on to the reception, where Colonel and Mrs. Warren Pearl (the latter looking charming in royal blue with a large spray of white flowers) and Lord and Lady Luke received the guests. Here again the flowers were wonderful. Huge vases of mixed summer flowers decorated the walls of the large ballroom, and pink stocks and pink roses were on all the small tea-tables and the huge square buffet in the centre of the room. The bride and bridegroom mounted a small raised platform to cut the wedding-cake and to receive several toasts. Mr. Stuart Warren Pearl, brother of the bride, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom and said his sister was not a loan but a gift from

America! Others who said a few brief words were the bridegroom's brother, Lord Luke, his cousin, Mr. John Blackwell, who was best man, and Mrs. Warren Pearl.

Among the many friends and relations who had come to wish this charming young couple every happiness I saw Lady Ebbisham and her son, the Hon. Roland Blades, Sir Giles and Lady Loder, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, who were sitting at a table with Mrs. Washington Singer; Mrs. George Blackwell, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Anthony Meyer and her mother, Mrs. Charles Knight, Lady Alexander, chatting to Mme. Phang, Mr. and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash and Mr. Tom Blackwell. Mrs. Ward-Gough was with Mrs. Carroll Ordway and Mrs. Everett Vogt (the bride was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Mrs. Vogt's daughter Lucille, who is now Mrs. Alston and living in Georgia).

Others there were Captain George and the Hon. Mrs. McCorquodale, the Hon. Mrs. Pitman, Mr. Dorsay Fisher, Lady Suenson Taylor, whose only son has just announced his engagement; Lady Shakespeare, Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, Lady Mount Evans, Captain George Littlejohn Cook and the Hon. Mrs. Graham Lampson.

A FAREWELL RECEPTION

BARONESS PONGRACZ gave a charming farewell reception for Senhor Paschoal Carlos Magno, who is retiring from his post as First Secretary at the Brazilian Embassy. He has been here for the past six years, during which time he has made many friends, some of whom came along to the party to bid him farewell.

Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were there, including the Brazilian Ambassador and his charming wife, Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao; the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, and the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. O'Farrill. Prince and Princess Galitzine were chatting to the hostess, who looked attractive in a printed dress. Mr. Bobbie Northman, just back from a visit to Brazil, was greeting many friends. Others I saw in the crowded rooms were Lady Bethell, in black with yellow flowers on her hat;



Sir Rhys Llewellyn's Sister Married in London

The marriage took place recently of Lt.-Col. David Prichard, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, son of the late Lt.-Col. Prichard and of Mrs. Prichard, of Llanblethian, Glamorgan, and Miss Elizabeth Llewellyn, daughter of the late Sir David Llewellyn and of Lady Llewellyn, of St. Fagan's Court, Glamorganshire

Doris, Lady Orr-Lewis, Lady Cecil Douglas, Sir John and Lady Davidson, Mr. Eric Alden and señora Yvonne Stibler.

Señor Magno is not only an author, but also wrote that very good play *To-morrow Will Be Different*, which was produced at the New Lyric Theatre.

RIBUTE TO FRENCH FAMILIES

Mrs. ATTLEE is chairman of a committee which has launched an appeal to raise £25,000 to buy a villa at Antibes as a convalescent home for the children of French civilians who helped to shelter our parachutists, airmen, Commandos, escaped prisoners and others under the eyes of the enemy at the risk of torture and death. Many of these children are often as a direct consequence of enemy reprisals upon their families, in great need at the present time of special treatment and medical attention. The French Government has approved the plan and has undertaken to maintain the home if the gift is made.

Among those helping Mrs. Attlee on the committee are the Marchioness of Crewe, the Earl of Bessborough, Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham, Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke and Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Portal. With this excellent team to help her, Mrs. Attlee hopes quickly to raise the necessary £25,000 to help the children of those who helped our men and women, and would be grateful of any donations to 10, Downing Street.

"BIG BEN"

I CAN never remember an author starting his speech on a first night with "Your Royal Highnesses, the Prime Minister, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen," as Sir Alan Herbert was able to do after the final curtain of *Big Ben* on the opening night. A Cochran first night is always a big event in the theatre, and as this time he had chosen to produce a light opera by the witty and versatile A. P. Herbert, with excellent music by Vivian Ellis, it was not surprising that there was such a distinguished audience.

It was the first time Princess Elizabeth had been to a first night, and she sat in the stalls with the Duchess of Kent and her lady-in-waiting, Lady Margaret Egerton, and a party of young friends. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, very smart in blue patrols, was sitting not far away with his A.D.C. There were many Members of Parliament there, too, including the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, who looked charming in a long lace evening dress under a fur coat. Mrs. Ernest Bevin, who accompanied her husband, was also in a long evening dress, and they were chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Frere Reeves in the foyer.

Mrs. Reeves, before her marriage, was Pat Wallace, daughter of author Edgar Wallace. Mr. Hugh Dalton was there, and so were Mr. Patrick Hannon, Mr. Frank Bowles, Lord and Lady Jowitt, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, and Mr. and Mrs. Aneurin Bevan, who were sitting next to Lord and Lady Kemsley.

Mrs. Sarah Oliver I saw chatting to Mrs. Robert Nesbitt; Lady Herbert was sitting in the stalls with Sir Alan. Mr. Vivien Ellis was in a box with his mother and sister. Miss Doris Zinkeisen, who had designed some of the scenery, took her seat in good time, as did Sir John and Lady Dashwood. Pretty Miss Angela Jackson, in a candy-striped dress, was with the two O'Ferrall brothers, Frankie and Rory. Sir Terence Nugent, a tall, soldierly figure, came with Mr. Bill O'Brien.

Others I saw in this enthusiastic audience, who were all so sad at the absence of the producer, that doyen of the theatre, Mr. C. B. Cochran, who was not well enough to be present, were General and Lady Hobart, Sir Peter Macdonald, Lady Vivian with her sister Mrs. Noel Carlyle, Lady Jones, who is better known as Enid Bagnold, author of *National Velvet*, Mr. Ronnie Miller, another successful playwright, Mr. Henry Lenanton, Lady Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Smith, Ivy Tremond and Marie Burke.

THE GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA

AFTER a gap of six years, how wonderful it was to be back once again at Mr. and Mrs. John Christie's lovely home in Sussex, with its fine private theatre and beautiful gardens.

Once again many people came down by train from London (many wearing evening dress) to hear Benjamin Britten's new opera, *The Rape of Lucretia*, which was given a tremendous reception. The opera is after the play *Le Viol de Lucrece*, by André Obey, and is a tragedy set in Rome in 500 B.C.

The production, like all previous productions at Glyndebourne, was beautifully done, care having been taken with every detail. After the final curtain and much applause for the cast, conductor, the author and the producer, Mr. Christie came on the stage and made a short speech, and said they had started the theatre with Mozart, and then had two great Italian composers. Now they had a young English composer, who was sure to prove a tremendous success.

Mrs. Christie had worked hard to perfect the arrangements for a successful evening. During the interval there was an excellent cold dinner, after which many of the audience strolled through the lovely gardens, with their wonderful herbaceous borders and fine yew hedges.



Lenare

Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson is the twenty-year-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Graham-Hodgson. She was a V.A.D. during the war, and is now working at the Polish Embassy



Harlip

Mrs. John Batten is the wife of Major John Batten, whom she married in 1939. She is the daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, and a sister of the present baronet



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Peter Randall-Hayter is the daughter of Mr. R. M. Dunkerley and of Mrs. E. D. Dunkerley, of Albany Mansions, S.W.1, and is the wife of Mr. P. Randall-Hayter, M.B.E., M.C., the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry

Kent Wedding at Historic Leeds Castle

Lord Ampthill's Son and Heir
Marries Miss Susan Winn

THE little Saxon Church of St. Nicholas, Leeds, Kent, filled with masses of lovely white flowers, made a beautiful setting (writes Jennifer) for the marriage of the Hon. Geoffrey Russell, only son of Lord Ampthill and Christabel Lady Ampthill, to Miss Susan Winn, the younger daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn and the Hon. Lady Baillie.

The bride, who is an exceptionally pretty girl, was given away by her grandfather, Lord Queenborough, and wore a beautiful wedding-dress of white slipper satin, diamanté embroidery on the corsage and waist, and a voluminous veil of frothy white tulle which was held in place by gardenias and stephanotis, the same flowers being used for her shower bouquet. She was attended by two little children, the Hon. Lana Baring and Master Rupert Hambro. The little girl wore a long white organdie dress, the frills edged with pale blue, and a circlet of pale-blue flowers in her hair and carried a posy to match. The little boy wore a white blouse and long blue trousers.

AFTER the ceremony a reception was held at Leeds Castle, the home of the bride's mother, another really lovely setting. This fine castle dates from the Saxon period and in Norman times belonged to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. From the time of Edward I. to Henry VIII. it was a Royal residence. It is built on three islands which were connected by drawbridges only, and is surrounded by a moat so broad that the castle appears to arise from a small lake. During the war it was used as a hospital, and this was the first time since de-requisitioning that the fine rooms have been opened for entertaining. Lady Baillie, looking charming in a printed dress and flower-trimmed hat, received the guests with Christabel Lady Ampthill, who was in a black dress and a black hat trimmed with coloured ostrich feathers.

AMONG those at the wedding were the bride's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, Lord Queenborough's youngest daughter, the Hon. Cicili Paget (who has only recently arrived from America), and Lady Cynthia Tothill and her daughter, Betsann. Viscount and Viscountess Errington were there to see their little daughter perform her duties as bridesmaid, and Lady Victor Paget was present with her daughter Ann. Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer came together. Sir Anthony was in the same brigade as the bridegroom during the war and was wounded at the same time. Others I saw were Lord and Lady Buckhurst, the Hon. Mrs. Neil Cooper-Key, Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt, Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, Lord Rocksavage, Mme. Massigli, Lord Vaughan, the Marquess of Queensberry, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Foxwell, Mr. Robert Sweeny and the Duchess of Westminster.

The young couple, looking very happy, left to fly to France for a motoring honeymoon, the bride going away in a light-blue coat and dress, and a hat to match trimmed with two pink roses.



The Hon. Geoffrey Russell with his bride, Miss Susan Winn, who is the younger daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn, brother of Lord St. Oswald, and the Hon. Lady Baillie



The bride's mother, the Hon. Lady Baillie, who is Lord Queenborough's eldest daughter



Lord Queenborough with his granddaughter, Miss Susan Winn, leaving Leeds Castle



Leeds Castle, in its Broad Moat, was Once a Royal Residence



*The Duchess of Westminster with
Viscountess Errington*



*Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher
Courtney and Lady Courtney*



*Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid
and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid*



*The Marquess of Tavistock and
Lady Bridget Poulett*



*Mr. Whitney Straight, Mrs. Charles Sweeny
and Mr. Jim Sainsbury*



*Viscount Errington with his daughter Lana
and the Marquess of Queensberry*



*The Countess of Portarlington, Major
Stanley and Miss Ann Paget*



THE RIVER AT AUBUSSON

As the River Creuse flows quietly through the department of Central France to which it has given its name, it passes under the walls and bridges of a small town which is the birthplace of a famous article of French manufacture. The tapestry-woven carpets of Aubusson, whose production began in the early eighteenth century, set up a standard which has never been surpassed, though it has sometimes been aspired to.

It is probable that the waters of this unassuming river have played a large part in the reputation of Aubusson, for with the carpet factories are allied dye-works whose rich and fast colours depend to a considerable extent on the nature of the water used in the processes. In some ways, therefore, Aubusson carpets may be compared with the fine British woollen cloths produced in districts where there is a similar favourable combination of circumstances, notably in the North and West of England.

PRISCILLA GOES

How do all these clever writing people manage to turn out such good work in the country? It is 7 a.m., and for the last half-hour I have been sitting in the sun under a cloudless blue sky with writing-pad on my knee and faithful (advertisement space to let!) pen in my hand, but never a word drips from its near-golden nib.

The human world is still asleep, but the birds are discreetly exchanging greeting and making their plans for the day; yellow, white and tortoiseshell butterflies are dancing above the still open *belles de nuit*, which are almost the only tall flowers that grow wild on the dune now that the iris season is over. The day is so calm that the sea is the merest murmur, and I am so still that a baby lizard, out for an early morning bask, decided that my toes were warmer than the stone wall and stretched his little self across them; unfortunately he tickled, I twitched, and he rushed home in a hurry to tell his mamma about the earthquake.

I have chosen to sit on the inland side of the farm, and before my eyes stretches—

"the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow which, to-day,
Wears her green plush and is, to-morrow, hay. . . ."

Were I on the other, the "sea" side of the house, the temptation to go down and play about the weed-bound rocks and deep pools left by the ebbing tide would be irresistible. Perfect weather for prawns to-day, and I know just where to find them, scooping under the seaweed fungi of the rocks or even snatching them up with the long-handled prawning net as they slide, translucent shadows, above the sandy bottom of the more shallow pools; lovely, pale, transparent things that, later, will come to table blushing coral pink. Except for the mild thrill of prawning, fishing has never been my game, but a few days ago a choppy sea, a small boat, three females (myself included) and a conger eel have provided me with a tale to tell!

THE boat was a dinghy . . . all that remains of a fine little yacht that the Occupants occupied so disastrously that it is, in the words of that other war, napoo. The females were a very charming Mme. Sondré—wife of a Paris chain-store magnate—an exquisite, slim, blue-eyed little daughter, hardly out of her teens, and myself. Now, I rather fancy myself with the sculls on a lake or river, but half a mile in a choppy sea with oars that didn't match was a little too much. However, we all did our bit, and in time we reached the float of the ground lines (I hope this is right for "*ligne de fond*") that had been put down the evening before.

Mme. Sondré began to haul in. The first few hooks produced nothing but seaweed, then a small eel appeared, followed by several hooks from which the bait had been nibbled . . . then, suddenly, I saw Mme. Sondré brace one foot against the gunwale, while her hands clenched harder as she took a turn on the line and shouted for her daughter. . . . My one thought was: "Gosh! if that line breaks what a smack they'll come," but all their thoughts were for the fish on the other end of the line!

It was the sea-monster himself that finally appeared. They got its head over the side of the boat and then discovered that the only knife aboard was a round-nosed table affair, none too sharp, either, and there was nothing with which to stun the thing except one of the oars or the anchor. Has anyone ever tried to hit a yard-and-a-quarter-long conger with a damaged oar in a small boat and a choppy sea? Young Micheline—such is her charming name—took the oars and I moved over. Mamma and I did a bit of hacking with the less blunt part

(Forgetting PARIS)

FISHING

of the knife, and, having cramped the conger's style a bit, managed to land it in the boat.

THEN the real fun started. It tied itself in knots and cut figures of eight, and one never knew where its jaws would snap next. At last a lucky pounce allowed me to clamp it to the boards with all my weight behind my two hands, while Mme. Sondré did a bit more hacking. This time we really did achieve something, and while I went back to the oars my accomplice in crime hauled up the rest of the hooks—nothing worth taking—and we started home. With practised hand Mme. Sondré gutted the monster while I looked at my toes or at the heavens, and Micheline tried to keep me on my course. At long last we beached, and Knight-the-black-Cocker lolloped down from the house to greet us. The monster, too big to go into a basket, had been thrown out on the shingle. Knight sniffed at it and suddenly this creature, with its head cut to the backbone, gave one last convulsive snap and a sorry little dog—that does not belong to me, by the way—departed yelping with its tail between its legs.

Id friends of this page may perhaps wonder why I write about Paris and "the Farm" without ever mentioning the Dog. It is because I find it very difficult even to say that he went that way that all loved little dogs must go when their time is up. . . . Though it happened over ten years ago it seems like yesterday, and when the other morning, while I was digging in the garden here, I came across his favourite ball that had been lost in '39, I . . . but if you will excuse me, I think I had better blow my nose and up.

THE postman has just brought the letters. He comes from the sun-baked village on his le; he stops for a drink of cider (beastly, stuff this year) and a rest in the cool breeze blows up from the sea. He is a thin young man with bright eyes in a lined face, and he has in his buttonhole the little snippet of barbed-wire that means he was a P.O.W. Germany for five interminable years. He has brought the letters, but he has forgotten the blessings on his curly head. His friends are arriving every day and they bring me the news that I have no desire to read over again. To-day it is sad to learn of the passing of Mme. Jeanne Lanvin, the famous couturière. It seems incredible that she was eighty-nine years old. Only a few weeks ago I saw her at the Fresnay-Printemps première that she had "dressed": she was still so straight-backed and there was so little white in the piled mass of her brown hair. She started as a little milliner in the attic of a house in St. Honoré market. Later she moved to a flat in the building that now entirely belonged to her. She was *président* of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture, and many years ago was awarded the Légion d'Honneur.

She was a very grand old lady.

Voilà!

It is human nature, in times of stress, to cleave to those who can help and to do all in one's power to win their good will. Thus a charming actress, famous for her gleaming smile, about to be operated on. In the antechamber of the operating theatre the anaesthetist put the usual question to the patient: "Have you any false teeth?" "N-no," quavered the lovely creature, "b-but I c-could get some!"



THE SEA AT MONT ST. MICHEL

The stormy history of Mont St. Michel is epitomised by this view of the ebbing tide seen through the grim bars of the fortress-abbey. The fame of this granite islet began in the eighth century, when St. Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, established an oratory there, which became a celebrated pilgrim shrine. As time went on its value as a fortification became very clear to successive Kings of France, and gradually its religious functions became subordinate, in practice if not in theory, to its military importance. It was besieged during the Hundred Years War and the Wars of Religion, but from whichever point attacks came it proved equally impregnable.

Later it became a political prison, and in the middle of the last century its restoration was taken in hand. The dark line across the waves at the top of the photograph is the causeway uniting the islet to the mainland.

ETON LAND



Coaches and Sunshades on the Mound helped to restore the full flavour of the tradition when Eton and Harrow drew in their first meeting at Lord's since 1939



Among the spectators was Lady Bruntisham with her Etonian son, the Hon. Robin Warrender, and Miss Mary Bulteel



Sir Charles Wiggin, with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hoare and Amanda and Tessa Hoare, formed a coach-party



HARROW: THE DUEL CONTINUES AT LORD'S



Major-General Sir J. E. L. Laurie with his wife, daughters and son, who is at Eton



Sir Pelham Warner arriving with his son and grandson to watch the match



Lord and Lady Burnham with their daughter and son, the Hon. H. J. F. Lawson



Party for Venezuelan Independence Day

THE Venezuelan Ambassador gave a party in London recently to celebrate Venezuelan Independence Day. Venezuela, which was discovered by Columbus in 1498, proclaimed her independence from Spain in July 1811, and established it in the succeeding ten years' war in which her forces were commanded by the great national hero, Bolívar



Senorita Carmen Rodriguez Azpuru, daughter of the Venezuelan Ambassador, and Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha



The Argentine Ambassador, Dr. Espil, Mr. Adolf Costa du Rols, and the Brazilian Ambassador, Dr. J. J. Moniz de Aragao

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

WHEN the Royal Observatory boys are tired of looking through that million-pound telescope to be erected at Hurstmonceux Castle, their new Sussex home, they can play in the Great Hall with a dart-board we left behind in a farmhouse near the Castle in 1939, and hereby lovingly bequeath them. For one doubts very strongly if the natives will care to have astronomers and such-like diddicoys hanging round the Woolpack Inn.

In those parts the natives are not easily excited or impressed. While half Georgian England shivered at the tale of the ten-feet-high Dead Drummer of Hurstmonceux Castle beating his drum on the ruined battlements on dark, windy nights, the honest locals, knowing it was only Snooty Dick or Black George broadcasting to the smugglers operating on Pevensey Marsh, allowed the ghost-story to flourish, were careful to see and hear nothing harmful to their health, pouched a modest rake-off for the temporary storage of brandy-kegs and tea-bales, and placidly pursued the even tenor of their way. You won't find the descendants of such sensible chaps taking much notice of a pack of "vurri" stargazers who can't even charm a wart away.

Footnote

THIS being Kindness Week, we've thought of another innocent pastime which will keep the Observatory boys out of trouble in their idle hours. The Rector breeds green mice. Maybe he'd let them look at a few verdant pets through their telescope.

Call

ANOTHER little L.N.E.R. crash, the derailing of the 7.5 King's Cross-Aberdeen express, is occupying the experts. They never, we notice, take into account the Fundamental Psychological Factor, such as the call of the fairies and that longing to get to Aberdeen common to engine-drivers and all true hearts.

On the French railways the magnetic centre once used to be Orleans, whose "pull" could be felt immediately any express reached the main-line junction of Les Aubrais. Like Aberdeen, Orleans had an enchantment for engine-drivers, for whom it is the ideal resort. Possibly this fact was brought out at more than one official crash-inquiry. E.g.:

(4678) *The Chairman* : The mystic call of Orleans to you was, then, irresistible, though your destination was Marseilles ?
(4679) *Witness (with emotion)* : I swear it, on the head of my mother !
(4680) *The Sub-Prefect* : Engine-driver, thou art a worthy boy ! (un brave garçon).
(General emotion.)
(4681) *M. Chose* : I ask myself if this excellent machinist does not weep also, perhaps, some softer tie (quelque lien plus doux) ?
(4682) *A Gendarme* : Long live Love !
(4683) *The Sub-Prefect* : Long live Love ! Long live the Law of the 3rd. Germinal of the Year IV !
(4684) *A Distinguished Gentleman* : Fifi !
(4685) *M. Bobinot* : My wife !
(4686) *M. Pompon* : My mother-in-law !
(4687) *M. le Comte* : Mon Dieu !
(Exeunt hurriedly, through five doors.)

We seem to have crashed into a Palais-Royal farce by mistake. Or maybe a general meeting of G.W.R. shareholders ? We'll tell you a story or two about those boys some day—it'll kill you.

Whimsy

None of the obituaries of that fine artist Paul Nash failed to mention his occasional tendencies towards surrealism, which seems to us bosh (or even Hieronymus Bosch, to mention a Renaissance creator of lovely macabre lunacies who is frequently accused by modern critics of the same thing).

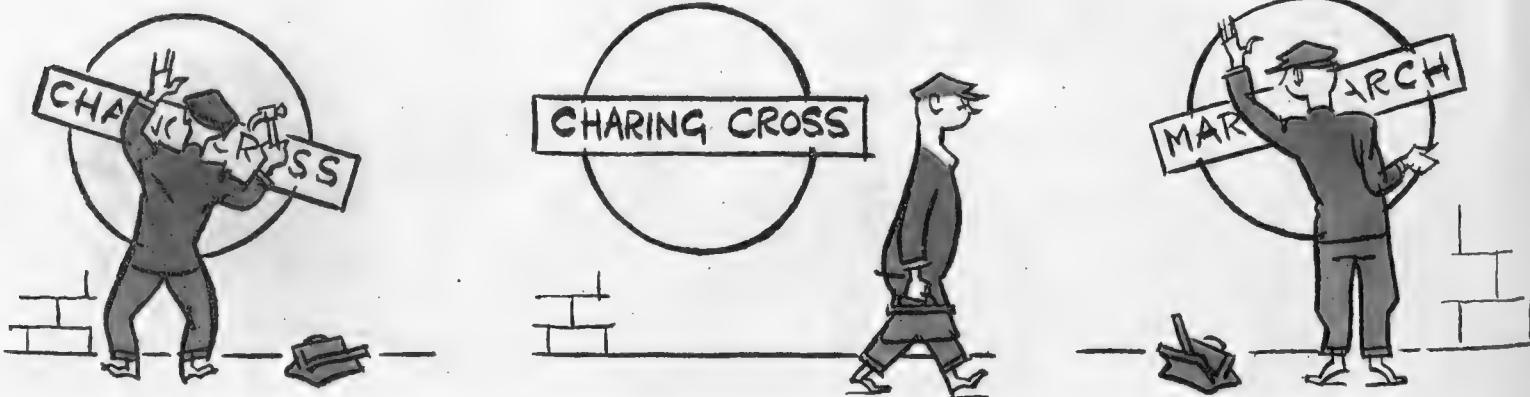
Those mousy grummits do not comprehend fantasy, we dare affirm. We remember a rollicking drawing by one of the Nashes, Paul or John, which was full of typical Island pans surmounted by typical Island bowler hats. The whole thing was the sort of vision you see when you have a shot of morphia ; quite terribly enchanting, and, of course, based firmly on reality, whereas the poetic imagination of Salvador Dali is involved exclusively with matters of pure faëry, such as incestuous grand-pianofortes. Slogger Dali's recent autobiography proves the boy to be just a big warmhearted dreamer, first and last. Not so the brothers Nash.

And a woundy lot you sweethearts care either way, we guess, despite our painful efforts to hand you a dollop of culture at regular intervals. Why (cry you) the trouble, the somewhat ostentatious display ? Because (says we, sharp-like) one of the dish-washers at the Athénæum was recently cut off in his rosy prime at 98, and they say the job is still open

Career

A PALE but determined balletomane demands A to know our qualifications for presuming to criticise ballet. How easy to deceive such innocents with glittering lies, such as "We were the original Drunk Milkman in *The Dying Swan*," or "We were the six Willies in Taglioni's production of *Gisèle*."

The drab truth being that we were never anything more than Diaghilev's right-hand man, the dogsbody who wrote (under the pen-name "Sid Pushkin") things like *Le Coq d'Or*, *Boris Godounov*, and other bits and pieces. In addition to this we painted the *décor* (as "Ernie Bakst") and obliged occasionally as a *danseur noble* when the principals were shwipsy. And we may say that as a dancer we took our art seriously and were noted for it. Stopping us one day behind the scenes at the Mikhailovsky





Mme. Gusev, wife of the Russian Ambassador, Mme. Rodriguez Azpurga, wife of the Venezuelan Ambassador, and Mme. Prado, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador



Mme. Bittencourt and the Venezuelan Ambassador, Senor Rodriguez Azpurga



The Chilean Ambassador, Don M. Bianchi, and the Mexican Ambassador, Dr. F. Jaimenez-O'Farrill

Standing By . . .

theatre, Diaghilev said: "How is your art getting on, boy?"

"Crool bad, Sir," we said. "Them palpitations is somethink terrible."

"I have noticed," mused the master, not kindly, "that you often fall down heavily in the middle of a scene."

"That's right, Sir," we said humbly. "Art-puble."

"Well," said Diaghilev, tapping us lightly on the sconce with his gold-knobbed cane before passing on, "next time you fall down, boy, fall that something-so-and-so Serge Pantzoff, may rot."

Hence that daring new orientation of plastic art which the eminent Svetloff was the first to proclaim in the St. Petersburg highbrow weekly, *inkletoes*. He called it a *scène de coquetterie*. hat Serge Pantzoff called it the compositors fused to set up, even in Old Slavonic type.

Jobber

THAT fuss over the proposed new Army ceremonial dress was only to be expected writes our Fashion Expert, "Mélisande," (atching up his baggy old pants), because so many high brasshats are devils for *chic* and be abolishing things, such as highly-treasured additional regimental emblems.

A typical example is that of the "flash," a relic of the Georgian pigtail-ribbon so famously worn by the Royal Welch Fusiliers. At least one ramping Victorian godling—possibly more—ordered the flash to be removed at once and for ever. It was not removed. Had it been removed even the Regimental Goat-Major, dazed with the stench of his fourfooted chum and only half aware of what was going on, would have blasted the entire Army List with the Black Curse of Abertillery, which causes the limbs to wither in one night.

On Wellington's staff in the Peninsula was a brilliant Intelligence officer, a Welchman

named Sir John Waters, famed for the faultless skill with which he could impersonate, in costume, speech, and manner, a Spaniard of any rank and province from a Castilian aristocrat to an Asturian muleteer, or a Frenchman of Alsace. The Duke loved him, but we bet there was one rasping voice on the Staff to observe, each time Waters returned from some daredevil escapade, that the damned feller couldn't even keep his boots clean, by Gad.

Romance

BOOKING over a three-line news-item about a baby which fell off a travelling caravan in Middlesex but was soon reclaimed, rather tamely, by its parents, this pulpy old heart beat faster at the thought of the story the romantic Fleet Street boys could make of it 25 years hence, given a free hand.

You scent the obvious climax, no doubt. After a thousand harrowing adventures a ragged youth knocks at the door of a stately hacienda in Peru and begs a crust. "O bounteous Heaven!" exclaims Don Roderigo. "Have I found thee at last, my long-lost son?" The astonished youth bursts likewise into tears and removes his shirt. There, sure enough, dimly visible on a dirty left shoulder, are the initials "C.J.J." carved in an idle moment by his lost mother before the gypsies stole him. Exclaiming "It is—it is my only boy!" Don Roderigo strains him to his heart, gives him a diamond hat, a bag of gold, and £500,000 in Lima Tramways Preferred, and marries him to the beautiful heiress in Lincolnshire the youth has always loved.

Footnote

JUST a Gripping Human Story, happening every week in the 18th-19th centuries, and frequently today. The only difference being that today the youth would have been financed in

advance by Aircastle Concessions, Ltd. (Izzy Goldwasser, Mng. Dr.) of Fenchurch Street, E.C. Wig and costume by Notions, Ltd. Shoulder-marks by Financial Art Studios, Ltd.

Handicap

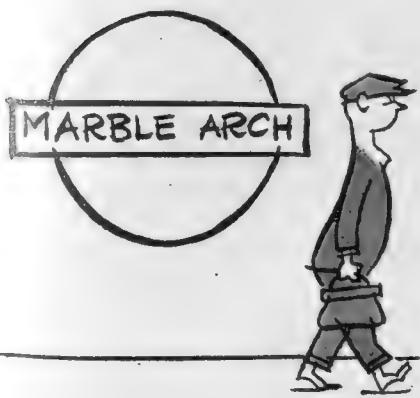
ONE aspect of the cigarette-famine which was not touched on during a recent Commons discussion is the dreadful hardship it inflicts on the Nature boys, who live mostly in Kensington and get their information from cigarette-cards.

You remember those illustrated series of British flowers and birdies and dumb chums which Imperial Tobacco used to insert in gasper-packets? They were invaluable (as, indeed, were also those series of cricketers' faces, steam-engines, and Famous British Town Halls, all vital to journalists). Once a week all the Nature boys in London would meet in a teashop and pool their collections, after which they drew cards from the kitty blindfold, in order of seniority. Quite often one of them would draw a pretty mixed hand, such as:

- (1) P. G. H. Fender.
- (2) Basingstoke Railway-Station (L.S.W.R.).
- (3) Hargreaves' Spinning-Jenny ("Romance of Commerce" series).

(4) A fragment, torn in the scuffle, of what might be either the Duomo at Florence, rear-elevation of the Great Crested Grebe, or the inside of a Tompion clock.

As his editor might be savagely demanding something snappy about the nesting-habits of the Spotted Badger, this data was not very helpful to the boy, you might say. However, Nature boys are resourceful at combining their information, like the literary gentleman in *Pickwick* who consulted the Encyclopædia on Chinese Metaphysics, and as no newspaper reader knows enough to contradict them, they invariably get away with it.



SCOREBOARD

HIS many friends sadly miss Gerry Weigall from the cricket pavilions of England; also his well-seasoned straw-boater, which he was said to soothe with bat-oil in the winter months, and its Zingari hat-band. When Gerry wore the hat far down on the front of the head, you knew that he was enumerating the Kent and Cambridge cricketers who should have played for England and hadn't.

His idol was Kent's Frank Woolley. When Frank was gracefully acquiring a century at Canterbury, Gerry would lie back in his deck-chair, while the Buffs' band played *Poet and Peasant*, and murmur "incomparable," "immortal," and "all other batsmen are fatheads." Far sunk in the luxury of admiration, Gerry would probably forget that he was due to send off 600 words to *The Times* at 6.30 p.m. A certain member of the Lyttelton family was detailed to remind him.

GERRY didn't like writing on cricket, but he'd talk about it for ever. "Anyone," said his brother, "who talks as much as Gerry, must be right every third hour." He played for Cambridge in '91 and '92. In the latter year he scored 63 not out. Sammy Woods used to say that Gerry didn't dare return to the pavilion, because he'd run out the two best Cambridge batsmen, F. S. Jackson when set for a hundred, and C. M. Wells for 0. As a critic, Gerry was not so good without his cane. He used it for explaining styles. With exceptional effect, one evening, at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne. He was demonstrating Victor Trumper's late cut when an over-florid stroke swept a dowager's Benedictine into her lap. Gerry ordered two more, one for himself; and all ended in smiles. He was never heard to say a harsh word about anyone. Of Landru, the French poly-murderer, he merely remarked, "a wrong-headed fellow."

WHEN Old Trafford, Manchester, where the second Test has just been played, is rebuilt, there will be a grandstand and cocktail bar exclusively for the ladies, who will thus be safe from the footling contradictions of their serious and all-knowing husbands. Ladies must find gentlemen great bores at cricket matches. Gentlemen are so keen on the play. I recall the following conversation from the Scarborough Festival, some twenty years ago :

1st Lady : I think he's a perfect pet.

2nd Lady : I like his hair.

1st Lady : So tall, too.

Gentleman : He's far too tall for cover-point. The best cover-points are rather short. Take Jessop, now; of course, he was really extra cover-point . . .

1st Lady : Charles, I don't care about Jessop.

2nd Lady : I believe Charles invented him, just to be tiresome.

It was at Scarborough that a boisterous wind blew a great lady's wig across the cricket ground. A young cricketer gallantly fielded it, and restored it to a butler who had been sent on rescue duty. At lunch, the young wig-saver found himself guest of the same great lady in her beflagged marquee. "Mr. —," she said, with that dignity which is the despair and irritation of the Left Wing, "I think we have met before." "Parts of us have, madam," was the gallant and courteous reply.

6 R. G. Robertson Glasgow



Winners and Runners-Up at the Gulmarg (Kashmir) Golf Club

A. Chapman (plus two) with the Krishen Bal's Trophy, in the match for which he beat Col. C. C. Furney (10) by 6/4

In the Club's first post-war golf match for the Duncan Vase, P. Mohinderbal beat Major-Gen. A. H. Williams by 2/1

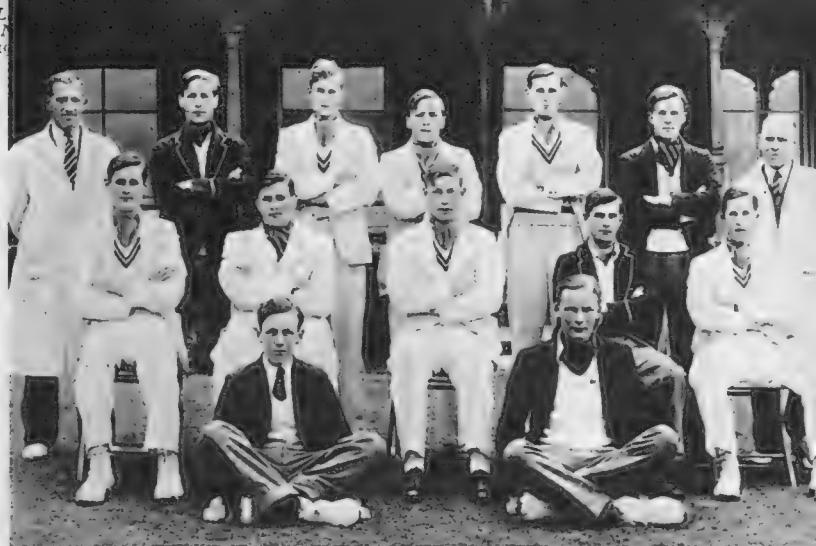


WHALING by Walrus, the subject of W/Cdr. E. G. Oakley Beuttler's latest cartoon, was inspired by an announcement that the latest British whale-factory ship would be provided with two Walrus aircraft for spotting the whales. The Walrus has fired its harpoon (artistic licence here!), which has bounced off the whale's skin and caused the slack of its line to foul the propeller. The whale's spout has wrought havoc with the wing-tips. Meanwhile, the Wireless Operator is sending out an SOS to the parent ship



The Eton and Harrow Cricket Teams Who Drew at Lord's

The Eton XI. Sitting: R. A. Wellesley, R. G. T. Speer, C. R. D. Rudd (captain), W. N. Coles, A. L. Clelland. Standing: C. A. Impey, J. A. Worsley, C. S. Woodall, F. I. P. Gardner, the Hon. P. Lindsay, C. W. R. Byass, J. D. N. Lake



D. R. Stuart

The Harrow team. On ground: T. J. M. Skinner, R. K. F. Treherne-Thomas. Sitting: A. S. Day, J. C. Thorne, P. Wallis (captain), P. B. Blackwell, R. la T. Colthurst. Standing: J. A. Powell (umpire), R. E. Reynard, D. C. Prior, G. C. Hoyer-Miller, J. R. Day, J. G. Morris, E. P. Hendren (umpire)

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

If there was a better-looking yearling on view at the Second July Sales than the chestnut colt by Donatello II. out of Little Mary (by Trimdon), it will be interesting to be told about it. At the time of writing I have no means of knowing what he made, or of knowing the expert opinion of our friend Mr. Adair Dighton, "The Special Commissioner" of *The Sporting Life*, who will have had the advantage of seeing him in the flesh, a pleasure denied to many of us, including myself, for at the moment I am supposed to have the saddle off my back, and to be listening to poluphlois boio thalasses!

Judging by the photograph, however, I should imagine that few people will be able to fault him. A beautiful outline, and so very right in the most important place of all, hip to hock. It would be difficult to have anything better let down, even if you had it made to measure. On his breeding he ought to stay for ever, and as it is the long-distance customer of which we are most in need, let us hope that this will prove to be true when the testing time arrives.

Stamina

Most people know all about Trimdon. The sire, Donatello II., was a rock-bottom stayer, and a good horse in Italy, where he was foaled. He was unbeaten as a two- and three-year-old, and those who saw him run in the Grand Prix de Paris as a four-year-old considered that Clairvoyant was very lucky to beat him. It was after this race that he was sold and came to England. He has sired a few promising winners, Picture Play and Orison colt amongst them. Since so many people think that our breeding has got into a very deep rut, perhaps, if this good-looking sire has a few better chances than hitherto, he may help us to get out of it. It is the horse with stamina that we need so badly, and I think it would take most people to count up a dozen real long-journey experts. Important as the Eclipse is, it can never be any signpost to the Leger, for it is only 1½ miles, and I have never quite understood why any owner of a prospective Leger candidate has thought it worth his while to run him in it. Fields at most meetings are still on the small side, for there is still a lot of bone in the ground.

Nuptials

A CORRESPONDENT who, as I know, is a cross between Genghiz Khan and "Sixteen String Jack," at one time top of the High

Toby profession, writes to ask why the brides the Editor publishes so artistically in this paper always look so smiling and gay, and the bridegrooms so otherwise, and suggests that something ought to be done to induce the gentlemen to get a bit more into their bridles—his expression and spelling, not mine. I am afraid I don't know. Women always face up to this sort of thing so much better than men, because, as must be supposed, they know full well that the Society Recorders are simply bound to say that they looked either "radiant" or "glamorous," or both, and to describe their kit down to the last feather. No one has bothered to say one kind word even about bridegrooms' waistcoats, over which the more dressy, sometimes, take quite a lot of trouble. These facts may, in some measure, account for the situation of which "Brandy Dick" (for that is his *nom de guerre*) complains. It must be admitted, however, that there is sometimes that dentist's Reading Room-cum-Conciergerie atmosphere about some wedding gatherings, especially if, and when, in reply to a casual remark by one of the audience that she is sure he will be "very good to her," the bride's mother has hissed in a stage aside: "He'd better be!" But there are exceptions.

The Chieftain

SOME weddings there are out of which even the most *blasé* can hit a bit of jollity. I have struck several at which I have enjoyed myself to the point of excruciation. "The Chieftain," for instance, was none of your glum, down-trodden sorts. He was the Principal Boy, and did not intend that anyone should forget it for a single instant. For forty-eight hours before the actual moment, he had been in a positively dangerous state of exaltation, cornering people before and after cocktail time, and saying in blood-freezing tones: "Is she no?" (Meaning, of course, the bride-to-be.) "Tell me that noo; is she no?" Naturally, everyone said "Yes," because the walls of the house were simply covered with very ugly-looking weapons, targets and claymores and such-like things that had been in action at Killiecrankie, Flodden and other contests. Came the day! Hamish appeared in the full regalia of his tribe, even down to the spoon and dirk in his garters. Many of us did not like the look of things one little bit. And we were justified; for when His Reverence, a mild

and sandy Sassenach, put the customary question as to whether he would take the lovely She to be his lawful, wedded wife, Hamish glowered at him for a few fearful seconds, reached down for his dirk, and then roared: "Wull I no? Hwhit like a mon do ye tak' me for?"

Not Quite a Wedding

THERE was another time when it did not quite come to a wedding. The scene was somewhere under the Deodars in the Venusberg of the Himalayas, and there were some female twins, one called Giggles, all hair, teeth and heartiness, and the other Goggles, who played the violin. Their sire was D.G. the Stamps and Sealing Wax Department, and their mother an old crocodile by the name of Angela. A chap they used to call "The Fish"—for unspecified, but very obvious, reasons—overdid the affability business with Giggles, and she promptly told her mamma that they were affianced. Angela wrote "The Fish" a most possessive letter, which put him in a stew, so he told off "Brandy Dick" to get him out of it. "Elementary!" said the diplomat. So off he went to Chota Simla (just below the Monkey Hill called Jakko) where the crocodile lived, and with tears in his voice, told her that the poor Fish had been bitten all over by a mad dog, had already started sitting up and begging, scrabbling for bones in the flower beds, and a few other tricks. And both "The Fish" and "Brandy Dick" are still in the marriage market, which is, I suppose, the reason why the latter has written to me about bridegrooms.

The Unemployed

OF course, there are some still knocking around and about, in spite of the fact that it takes you six months to get a pair of shoes, five to get five quires of notepaper, and about a year to get a pair of flannel bags. Yet there are some who really want to work. The other day, for instance, a man is said to have lurched up to a works foreman and said he wanted a job. The foreman turned on him and snapped quite rudely: "Can't you read? Haven't you seen the notice on the gate, 'No Hands Wanted'?" "Oi have that," said the man, "but ye might let me stop; the little work o'll do won't make any difference!"

Garden Fête near Lewes

Conyboro, near Lewes, Sussex, the residence of twenty-two-year-old Lord Monk Bretton, was recently the scene of a garden fête held in aid of the Hamsey branch of the Lewes Divisional Conservative Association. Good organisation combined with perfect weather to make the fête a great success, and particular attention was paid to the entertainment of the children.

Photographs by Brodrick Haldane



Listening on the lawn to an address by one of the speakers. The fête was opened by Sir George Boughey, Bt., of Malling



Lady Monk Bretton and Mrs. Audrey Clark. Mrs. Clark organised the Comic Dog Show, which was one of the attractions



Going for a ride in the pony carriage : Paul Thain, Raymond Moore, Clare Halahan and Francesca Fremantle



Lord Monk Bretton, who succeeded his father, the second baron, in 1935, with Lt.-Col. Rupert Speir, who spoke

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"The Merry Wives of Westminster"

"Pro."

"Time Exposure"

"Toulouse-Lautrec and Steinlen"

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WESTMINSTER" (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.) is the third volume of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's autobiography. Its predecessors, *I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia* and *Where Love and Friendship Dwelt*, have already established their place as classics in a particular field—one must hope that, when the paper situation improves, those two will be among the first war-published books to come back into steady supply.

They have lasting human value, apart from their "period" charm—they dealt, it will be remembered, with the authoress's childhood and girlhood, and had the background of family life in France. Now, in *The Merry Wives of Westminster*, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes tells the story of the first eighteen years of her happy married life. We begin with her marriage, in 1896, to Frederick Lowndes, a distinguished member of the staff of *The Times*, and close with the war-clouded skies of 1914.

Those years took their colour, their character, much of their happiness, even, from a single London locality: Westminster. It is a great thing to live in a place one loves, to feel in a vital relation with one's surroundings. In the case of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes—so acutely conscious, as may be seen from her writing, of the atmosphere of houses and streets and of groups of people (whether they be families or circles of friends)—the congenial setting was, clearly, a gain. Philosophy, adaptability and good sense would, no doubt, have carried her through had her path of destiny led through less pleasant scenes; but one cannot but be glad that this did not happen.

Happiness (not unchequered, for what happiness is?) seems particularly due to her; for she shows the gift, in these volumes, both of conveying its nature and of passing it on. Interest in people for their own sakes, intelligence, vivacity and, above all, a belief in the validity of affections combine in her manner of seeing life.

Westminster

AND it is a great thing, I feel certain, to be attachable—even when, and if, attachments have to be broken. The happiest Londoners I know are those rooted to their particular London "village." Elsewhere in London than Westminster (for longer, that is to say, than a few hours) Mrs. Belloc Lowndes could but feel herself a stranger and a pilgrim. Her Westminster is those few quiet Queen Anne streets, "as though sheltering under

Westminster Abbey, only separated from the cloisters by a wide garden." Incidentally, it is interesting—now; when those panelled houses are so much sought by the cognoscenti of good living as to be, one might fancy, worth their weight in platinum—to learn how recently they came up in the world again. In the early 1870's, to live here was, definitely, original: private houses were few, and the general level varied from the modest, if cleanly, lodgings to the out-and-out tenement.

The Great College Street house in which the authoress began her married life had already played some part in her girlhood—it appears, you may remember, in the earlier volumes of the autobiography, and it was passed on to her, as it stood, by her mother. The account of the furnishings, with their cultivated Victorianism—the busts, the green leather chairs, the little conservatory off the library—is delightful; and not less does one enter into the spirit of the few but (for those days) revolutionary changes in decoration the bride made. Yellow bedroom walls and a white carpet, for instance, were in the 1890's looked at askance.

The "merry wives" were the group of young married women who were Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's contemporaries in Westminster, and from whom she drew her immediate circle of friends. These young wives—as was usual in their day—divided their time between running their charming homes, bringing up their children and enjoying friendships and social life. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, in addition to all such things, was at the same time carrying on her career as a free-lance journalist (it was some time before the first of the novels which were to make her famous appeared). How she got through so much, lived so many lives at a time, is a mystery she never fully clears up: perhaps she does not realise how surprising it is. In so many cases—to-day, at least—a woman writer lives in an atmosphere of gaunt hurry, consciously or unconsciously missing much of the grace and leisure that should be the inheritance of her sex. This authoress seems to have missed little or nothing.

Friendships

INDEED, friendships, with their accompanying insight into the often-complex characters of people, occupy a great part of *The Merry Wives of Westminster*. The book, in its comfortable vein of reminiscence, gives a vivid picture of the cultivated-fashionable and the

literary society of the close of the nineteenth century and of the years preceding the first World War. Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Hewlett, Arnold Bennett and Hugh Walpole were among the novelists Mrs. Belloc Lowndes knew well; and she is excellent on the subject of all of them—writing candidly, from her own point of view.

The literary lion's lot is never an easy one—fame, like a powerful searchlight, shows up at once weakness and strength. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, with what she resignedly calls her French frankness, obviously had the gift of making famous people cast off the shell of "celebrity," feel quite at home. She is delightful, I think, on the subject of Stanley the explorer. Her admiration for fellow-women is evident. Lady Oxford (then Mrs. Asquith), Miss Stanley and Lady Glenconner (afterwards Lady Grey) are drawn with affection and understanding.

Only on one woman is she at all severe—and that, I am sorry to say (for I love her books), is the ever-famous "Elizabeth" of the "German Garden." Evidently, "Elizabeth" was a handful—the trick she played on Hugh Walpole was *too* unkind. And, still worse, she apparently was a snob. What a discrepancy, in that case, between a woman's social and writing temperament—for in the "Elizabeth" novels the heroines, for whom so much sympathy is engaged, are often naive, dowdy and middle-class.

Cricket

"PRO," by Bruce Hamilton (Cresset Press; 18s. 6d.), is an excellent and quite original novel. Its hero is a professional cricketer, one Edward Wilson Lamb—"Teddy" to friends, "Ewe Lamb" to his fellow players of the Midhampton county eleven. Ewe Lamb is the son of Baa-Lamb, that solid Midhampton pro. of the old school. This is how we open:

To Edwin Wilson Lamb, from as far back as he could remember, cricket had been not so much the most important thing in life as one of the chief governing conditions of life.

Thus there was in the first years of continuous thought-association nothing very magnificent about the conception of a professional cricketer. One's father might go to cricket of a morning, in the same way as one's friend's father went to the office, or to the shop, or, in rarer cases, to "business." The work's work was carried on by cricketers, in the same way as it was carried on by engine-drivers, or doctors, or butchers. It was possible that one inherited the aptitude, and on the chance of this part of one's earliest education was given a particular bias. But ideas of play, of pleasure, of glamour, or of excitement entered into the matter just as much, no more than, such ideas inhabited the first discussions and tentative preparations for the career of any boy.

This novel certainly de-glamourises the cricket world, by removing one's beatific ignorance of much that goes on behind the scene. At the same time, it does not discredit cricket: it makes that great game, if possible, still more interesting—I shall watch every future match with closer, if more painful, attention after having read *Pro*. I confess that all those white-clad figures have, up to now, looked to me like gods—varying, it is true, in performance, but in the main, above ordinary human fate. The anxieties and calculations of Teddy Lamb, as depicted by Mr. Hamilton, have been an eye-opener.

The more one knows about cricket the more, obviously, one will get out of this novel—which has as its background, in an at once light and condensed form, a survey of cricket in this country within the last forty years. Real-life famous cricketers, some now dead, some still living, cross these pages; there are accounts of matches and analyses of form. At the same time, even those who know as little as I do about cricket cannot fail, I think, to be fascinated by the human drama, grim though it be, of *Pro*—by the gradual development of Teddy Lamb from a shy and diffident schoolboy into a steady, if for the first few years unsensational, professional cricketer. Fame comes with Teddy's emergence as the exponent of "Q-bowling": for a dazzling epoch, Teddy is in the news—in fact, in his own special field is the news. Then comes



F. J. Goodman

MISS MARGERY ALLINGHAM, well-known writer of crime novels and creator of the favourite detective Albert Campion, is the wife of Lt.-Col. Youngman Carter, R.A.S.C. Besides her detective stories, Miss Allingham is the author of *The Oaken Heart*, the history of a village in wartime which has made her countless friends throughout the world. Their home is the Georgian house in Tolleshunt D'Arcy, once the residence of the celebrated Victorian sportsman Dr. J. H. Salter, the Grand Old Man of Essex. The village of D'Arcy claims to possess one of the two genuine remaining maypoles in England

decline, and a run of bad luck: the end is sombre enough. Ewe Lamb, son of Baa-Lamb, is never quite the man that his father was: he has a streak of fatalistic weakness—at the same time, he shows, for wonderfully long, a dogged staying-power one can but like. Even during his great Q-bowling days, there are no makings of a star about Teddy: he has no notion how to exploit success. Inefficual friend and inarticulate lover, Teddy lives in a curious, class-less isolation; he falls in love with a glamour-girl and lands himself up with a worthless wife. There is something touching about him—nothing more. But if his character is not interesting, his story is. I found *Pro* impossible to put down.

Already Travelled

CECIL BEATON'S *Time Exposure* has been re-issued: to this new edition (Batsford; 21s.) have been added fifty new photographs, bringing the story down to 1945. And what a story—the letterpress, Peter Quennell's brilliant comments and captions, serve to bring out its fine and ironic point! Here, in Beaton photographs, we have the beauties, the stylish ones, the intellectuals and the intellectual whims of the last two decades. From the exuberance of the war-forgetting mid-1920's we pass on inexorably, page by page, towards the bomb

ruins and battlefields of that second World War of which the mid-1940's have seen the close. "Bewildered by present conditions," Mr. Quennell says, "and baffled by our future prospects, we look back to past times. Hence the charm—the occasionally morbid interest—of Mr. Beaton's photographs.

"Since we are ignorant of the direction in which we are being hurried, it is at least instructive to note the distance we have already travelled. To how few of the scenes he depicts can we hope to return again! . . . The treacherous camera has recorded them all with its dead and impartial eye. Where it flattered, to-day it ridicules: what it concealed, discloses." As you may infer, this second issue of *Time Exposure*, at once satiric and lovely, is not a book to miss.

Two Artists

IN *Toulouse-Lautrec and Steinlen* (Modern Art Gallery; 21s.) Jack Bilbo has assembled fifty-two reproductions of the work of two artists who immortalised the "gay 'nineties" of Paris. Bright-lit cafés, boulevards, cabarets, animated gestures and ravaged faces, boas, black silk tights. . . . The effect is shocking, nostalgic. Mr. Bilbo prefaches the album with biographies of the two, with a note on their sociological significance.



Sharples — Newall

Major Richard Christopher Sharples, Welsh Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Sharples, of Cadogan Place, S.W.1, married Miss Pamela Newall, daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. K. W. Newall, R.N. (retd.), and of Lady Claude Hamilton, of Ambassador's Court, St. James's Palace, S.W.1, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace.



Massey — Van Buskirk

Capt. Lionel Massey, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, of Batterwood House, near Port Hope, Canada, married Mrs. Lilias Van Buskirk, widow of F/O. Van Buskirk and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Ahearn, of Ottawa, at All Saints, Ottawa



Wilkinson — Gater

Lt.-Cdr. (A) L. David Wilkinson, R.N.V.R., only son of Sir George and Lady Wilkinson, of Brook, Surrey, married Miss Sylvia Anne Gater, only daughter of Professor and Mrs. B. A. R. Gater, of Bina Gardens, South Kensington, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Croxton — Hellawell

Lt.-Cdr. W. S. Croxton, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Croxton, of Stourcliffe Close, W.1, married Miss Noreen Elizabeth Hellawell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Hellawell, of Constantia, Cape Town, South Africa, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Rose — Bellman

Mr. Arthur Charles Rose, H.M.S. Excellent, son of Mr. A. E. Rose, and the late Mrs. Rose, of Gosport, married Miss Brenda Bellman, daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Bellman, of Priory Close, Stanmore, Middlesex, at the School Chapel, Queenswood, Hatfield

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Jean Lorimer's Page

A DRESS with more than usual charm. Of woven knit-wear (ideal fabric for this climate of ours), it has a gathered skirt, calf-leather belt and matching buttons. The Jaeger shop at Selfridges have it in many colours, including nigger, navy, royal blue, black, mustard, emerald. It costs £9 16s. 2d.
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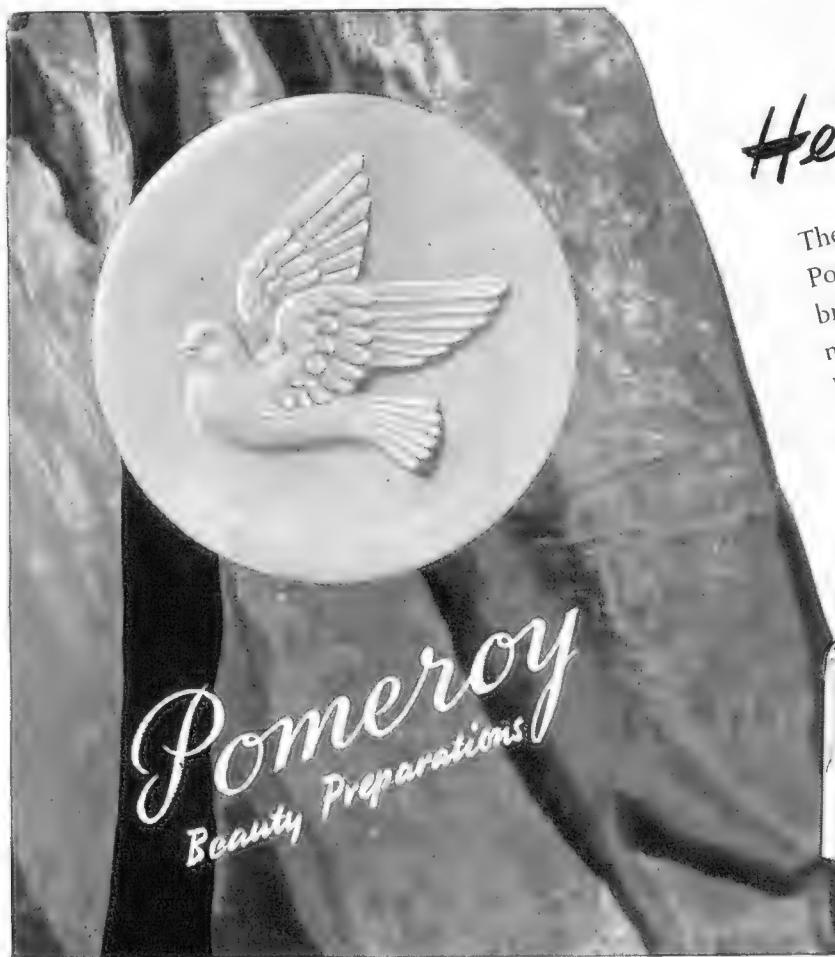
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Stories from Everywhere

A PARTY of very tough card players were returning home by train from the races. As soon as the journey started they began to play.

After a time one of the players threw down his cards in disgust. "I'm through!" he said. "The game ain't straight."

"Wot yer mean — not straight?" demanded another, menacingly.

"I mean it's crooked," snarled the first. "You ain't playing the 'and I dealt yer.'"

JONES had spent a busy morning collecting worms from the lawn.

"I've no time to destroy them just now," he explained to his wife before he went out, "but I'll get rid of them when I come back."

A short time later the four-year-old son of the house came in with the air of one who had done his good deed for the day.

"I've got rid of all those worms for daddy," he announced proudly. "I've dug a big hole in the lawn and I've buried the lot."

A DISCUSSION was in progress at the local inn on the value of education. One man stressed the importance of a good education, and said everyone was at a disadvantage without it.

"Well, I dunno," replied an old man, "I'm no eddicated at all, and it seems to me that when ye're no eddicated, ye just have tae use yer brains!"

DOUGLAS GOLDRING in *The Nineteen Twenties* remarks:—

"I remember Yeats once saying to me: 'The difference between an Irishman and an Englishman is that the Irishman tells the truth to himself and lies to you, while the Englishman lies to himself and tells the truth to everybody else.'"

THE prisoner had just been convicted, and was pleading for leniency.

"So you can see, your Honour," he whined at the end of the hard-luck story, "I'm really down and out."

"Yes," said the judge, who had heard the story so often. "You may be down, but you're not out—not for six months, anyway."

DURING the last days of the Christmas rush in one of New York's largest department stores a frenzied assistant, overwhelmed by pushing women shoppers, was making out what she hoped would be the last sales check of the day. As the customer gave her name and address, the assistant, pushing her hair up from her damp forehead, remarked: "It's a madhouse, isn't it?"

"No," the customer replied pleasantly. "It's a private house."

AESOP'S FEEBLES

The Whitebait and the Anchor

A Whitebait, of the thinking sort,
Was very thoroughly put out
Because his home in Devonport
Was always being dragged about
By anchors, that descended from the ether.
He bit one, but that broke six teeth;
He kicked one, but it answered back;
He got a wallop underneath
The chin—a very telling smack—
From ramming one; so then he took a breather.

He'd tried brute force and it had brought
Reactions that he didn't like—
It had no future, so he thought
He'd do a passive sit-down strike;
And Right would triumph—Justice was impartial.
And, listen, you may call it luck—
I wouldn't even start to guess—
The anchor he sat down on stuck—
Some R.N. type had made a mess—
And boy, oh baby, was there a court-martial!

Immoral. Eat More Fish

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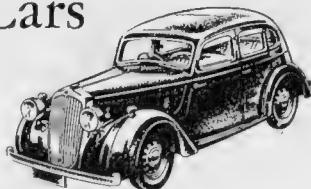
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Basically, our policy is this: to offer you quality in keeping with cost. A car, today, is costly. Purchase tax, superimposed on current price levels, makes that unavoidable. For any good car today you must pay what used to be an outstanding price. Can you, without too great an additional outlay, get what you have to pay for—a really outstanding car? The Super Ten Saloon, which is now reaching the



Dealers, is the first of the new models on which we base our conviction that you can.

The Super Ten is a highly individual quality car—from the cylinder block with its really phenomenal life between rebores, to the last detail of luxury finish and trimming. Your local Singer Dealer will gladly give you the full specification—and very possibly has a Singer Ten in his Showrooms. You will find it interesting, at least, to examine this car in detail. We particularly commend it to the professional man who needs a car that exceeds the average in performance, in comfort and in appearance: and one that will fulfil these conditions through several years of use.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

THAT remarkable enthusiast, M. Henri Mignet, has been flying some aircraft of his *Pou du Ciel* type lately. He invented this little machine with the idea of providing the amateur with something he could construct in the backyard and—almost—fly from the back garden.

In his book *Le Sport de l'Air*, Mignet wrote about his machine and about his ideas of what flying ought to be, with such gusto and charm that thousands of people here and abroad took to making and flying *Pou du Ciel*. Then came some accidents which set the whole thing back and called in question the tandem wings arrangement which Mignet uses.

The setback was serious. But there were *Pou* pilots who seemed to be able to handle the machines in perfect safety and to obtain from them a great deal of pleasure. Small modifications in the controls and aerodynamics of the aircraft were made and now it may well be that the aircraft is clear of its troubles.

It will take a lot of bringing back to popularity. Even so there is still a chance for the Mignet idea of flying, if not for the Mignet type of flying machine. In brief this idea consists in approaching personal flying as a small, pleasant easy thing instead of as a big, solemn, complex, worrying thing. It is really the genuinely civilian approach to flying as a sport as opposed to the military, political or commercial approaches.

The Spitfire Standard

SOME Parliamentary speakers, discussing which countries are well fed and which ill fed, talk in terms of average calorie consumption. They recognize no other criterion. Let us hope that our aeroplane and motor car makers do not follow suit. If they are to succeed when the real struggle for markets begins, they ought to be trying to forget all about quantity and to be concentrating upon quality.

In British aviation the thing that is desperately needed is first-class advanced aeroplanes in small numbers. We need not yet begin to think about production. We must think about intrinsic merit—

just as Mitchell thought about intrinsic merit and not about production when he designed the Spitfire. Production engineers foamed at the mouth when they had to get Spitfires out in quantity; but who shall say in the light of history that Mitchell was not right? The need now is for a few civilian offspring to the Spitfire. Somehow the production problems would be overcome when once the merit of the design had been demonstrated.

Speed Record Fallacies

I HAVE already heard repetitions of the old complaint about the rules governing the world speed record—a record which the R.A.F. will attack in Gloster Meteor aircraft with Rolls-Royce Derwent turbojets some time in August. The complaint is that three kilometres is too short a course, and that the rules insist on the aircraft flying too low (under seventy-five metres).

The fact seems to me to be that the three kilometres is a suitable base for absolute speed; for what in athletics would be a sprint. The distance is short enough to allow of an all-out burst with appropriate run-in; and yet the distance is long enough to permit of accurate timing and observation.

At the speeds which will be done this year the aircraft will take about the same time to cover the three kilometres as a fast runner takes to cover the 100 yards.

Then there is the matter of height. It is true that doing the speed runs close down to the surface of the water introduces an element of danger. If compressibility troubles became serious and the machine became shock-stalled, it might go into the water. But all mechanical record breaking entails risk and there is no evidence that this risk is dis-



S/Ldr. H. D. W. Flower, R.A.F., and Mrs. Flower after their marriage at St. Mary's Church, Kelvedon. Mrs. Flower was formerly Miss Joan Holme, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Holme of Feeringhill House, Kelvedon

Any juggling with the rules for the sake of safety would lead to inaccuracies, and then the whole value of these records would disappear.

Charter Companies

I AM pleased to see the air charter companies springing up everywhere. They have been given much official discouragement, yet they refuse to give up the thing in which they are interested. They will surely become competitors in fact if not in name to the giant State air lines. It is true that if they Minister of Civil Aviation has it in his power to close them down.

A country, it is said, gets the Government it deserves. This country is certainly going to get the aviation it deserves, so good luck to the enterprising charter companies however great their handicaps.



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proportionately greater than the risks faced by other pilots who, through the years, have set speed records.

Moreover there is this to be remembered. If the speed runs were done high up, the top speed of the aircraft would not be secured with present aircraft and present drives. That is because the limiting factor—at present—is the speed of sound and the speed of sound falls with increasing height. The aircraft's top speed must therefore fall with it. It is the same reasoning which leads Group Captain E. M. Donaldson and his two pilots to hope for a hot day. The speed of sound increases with temperature and allows the aircraft speed to be increased.

Altogether I myself find nothing unacceptable about the rules for the world speed record. They seem to me to be sensible and they seem to ensure that there is no doubt whatever about the performance recorded.

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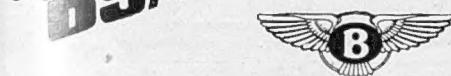
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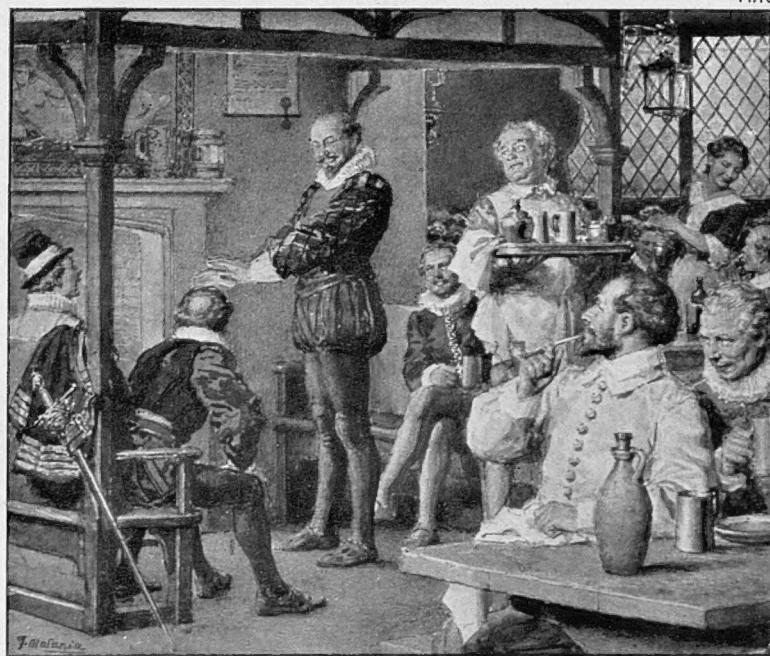


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What healths were drunk! What impromptus lost to the world does Beaumont hint at in

*What things have seen
Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flames,
As if that everyone from whom they came,
Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest!*

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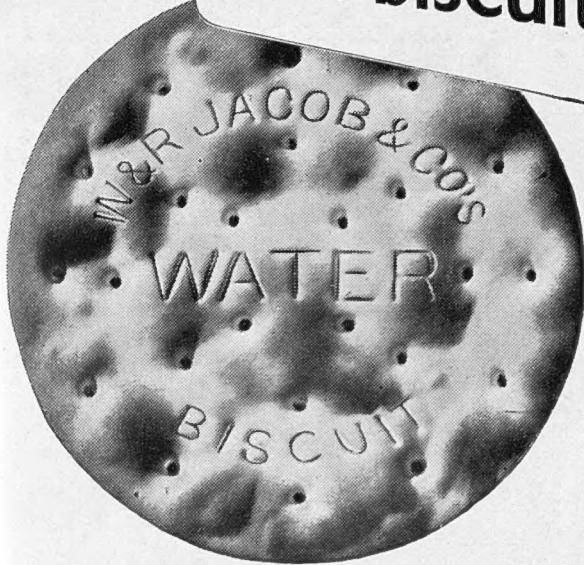
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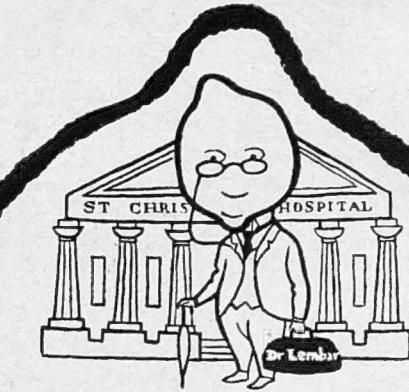
IT certainly is necessary for most people to take a good holiday this year and the railways will do their utmost to provide a comfortable journey for all who decide to travel.

New rolling stock is being built as quickly as possible, but there cannot yet be enough seats to go round at the week-ends, especially in July and August.

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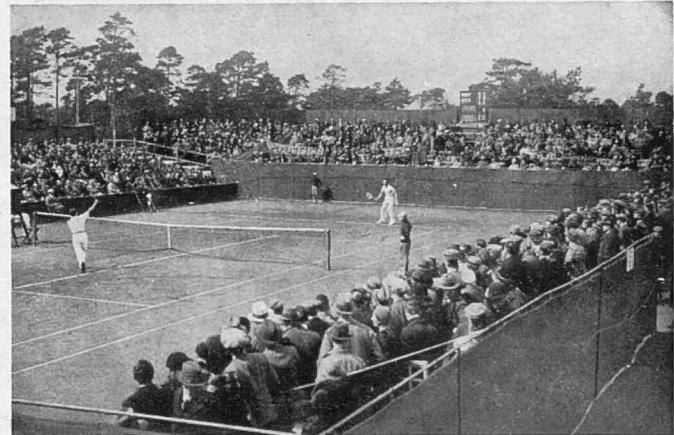
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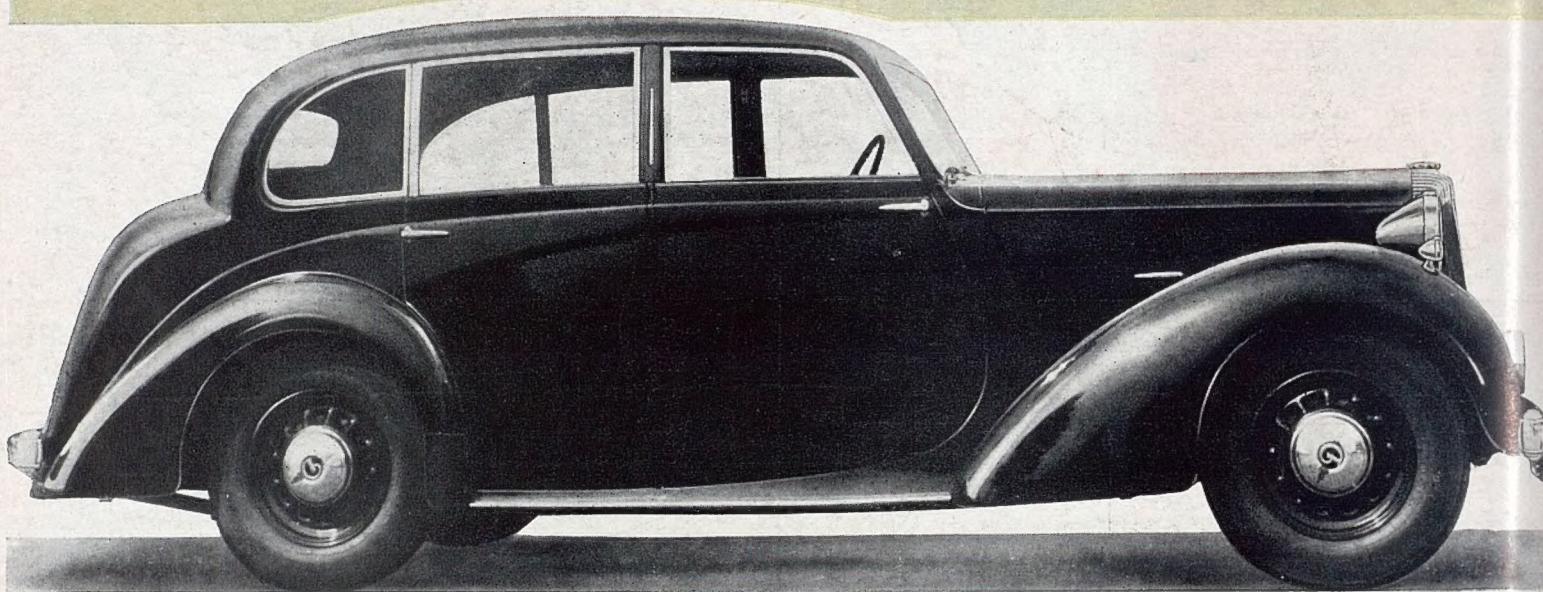
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